

The Tragickall historie of
Romens and Iuliet,

Contayning in it a rare ex-
ample of true constancie: with the
subtill counsels and practises of an
old Fryer, and their ill euent.

Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.



AT LONDON,
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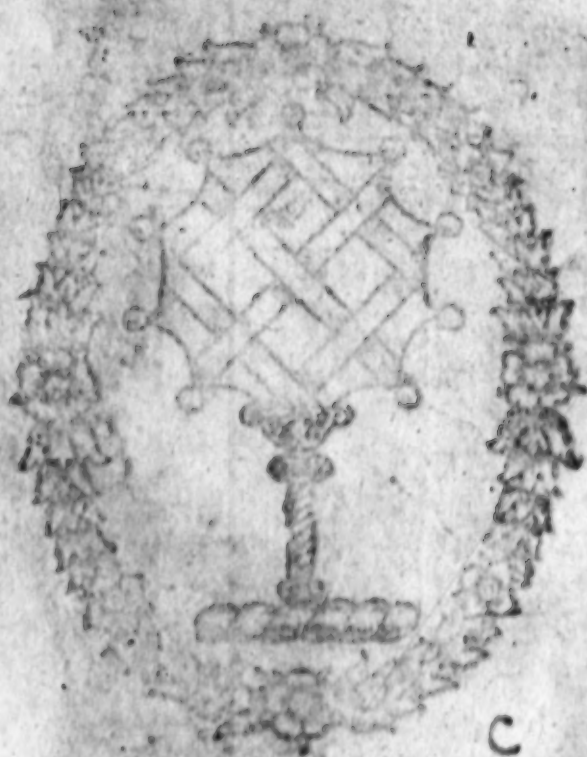
The Tragicall Historie of

King Lear

Containing in it a Tragedy

Example of the constant: with the
last conversation of King Lear
and Cordelia, and their deaths.

As it was acted at the Swan Theatre



C

At London

Printed by B. I. for

W. B. at the

To the Reader.

A Mid the desert rockes, the mountaine Beare,
Brings forth vnformd, vnlike her selfe, her yong,
Nought els but lumps of flesh, withouten heart
In tract of time, her often licking song
Giues them such shape as doth (ere long) delight
The lookers on, Or when one dogge doth shake,
With moosled mouth, the ioynts too weake to fight
Or when vpright he standeth by his stake,
(A noble beast) or wilde in sauge woode,
A dozin dogges one holdeth at a bay,
With gaping mouth, and stayned iawes with blood
Or els, when from the farthest heauens, they
The lode starres are, the weary Pilats marke,
In stormes to guide to haue the tossed barker

Right so my muse,
Hath (now at length) with trauel long brought forth
Her tender whelps, her diuers kindes of style
Such as they are, or nought, or little worth,
Which carefull travell, or a longer while,
May better shape. The eldest of them, loe,
I offer to the stake, my youthfull worke,
Which one reprochfull mouth might overthrow,
The rest vnlickt, as yet a while shal lurke,
Till time giue strength, to might and match in fight
With slaunders whelps. Then shall they tell of trife,
Of noble triumphes, and deeds of martiall might
And shall giue rules of chaste and honest life.
The while I pray that ye with fauour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game
Of this my muse.





The Argument.

Love hath inflamed twaine by sodaine sight:
And both do graunt the thing that both desire,
They wed in shrift by counsell of a Fryre.
Yong Romens climes faire sullens bower by night:
Three monethes he doth enjoy his chiefe delights,
By Tybalts rage, prouoked vnto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hire.
A banisht man he scapes by secrete flight,
Newe marriage is offred to his wife,
She drinkes a drink that seemes to reue her breath,
They bury her, that sleeping yet hath life,
Her husband heares the tydings of her death,
He drinks his bane. And she with Romens kniue
When she awakes, her selfe (alas) she sleath,

FINIS.



Romeus and Iuliet.

There is beyond the Alps,
a towne of auncient fame:
Whose bright renowne yet shineth cleere,
Verona men it name.
Built in an happy time,
built on a fertile soyle:
Payntayned by the heau'nly fates,
and by the townish toyle.
The fruitfull hilles above,
the pleasant vales below:
The silver streame with channell deepe
that through the towne doth flow:
The floze of springs that serue
for vse, and eke for ease:
And other moe commodities
which profite may and please:
The many certaine signes
of things betide of olde,
To fill the hungry eyes of those
that curiously beholde:
Doe make this towne to be
preferred before the rest
Of Lumbard townes, or at the least
compared with the best.
In which while Escalus,
as Prince alone did raigne,
To reache rewarde vnto the good,
to pay the lewde with paine:
Alas (I rewe to thinke)
an heauie hay befell:

Which

The tragical historie

Which Bocoas feare (not my rude tongue)
 were able forth to tell.
 Within my trembling hand, my pen doth shake for feare
 And on my colde anaesed heave,
 But such he doth commaunde,
 whose best I must obey
 In mourning verse, a wofull chaunce
 to tell I will assaye.
 Helpe learned Pallas, helpe,
 ye Poles with your arte,
 Helpe all you banished seemes, to tell
 of loyes returnde to smart.
 Helpe eke ye sisters three,
 my skillesse pen to ayde
 For you it cause which I alas
 unable am to write.
 There were two auncient stockes,
 which Fortune high did place
 Aboue the rest, in dode with wealth,
 and nobler of their race.
 Lou'd of the common sort,
 lou'd of the Prince alike
 And like unhappy were they both,
 when Fortune list to strike.
 Whose prayse with equall blast,
 Fame in her trumpet blew:
 The one was cleped Capylet,
 and th'other Montagew.

of Rometus and Iuliet.

I wouthe bſe it is, that men of likely ſort
that men of likely ſort
(I wot not by what ſure ſort)
enuy eache others poſe
So theſe, whoſe egall ſtate
bred enuye pale of hew
And then of grudging enuyes roſe,
blacke hate and rancor grew
As of a little ſparke,
oft ryſeth mighty fire
So of a kindled ſparke of grudge,
in flames flaſh out their ire
And then their deadly ſode,
firſt hatch'd of cryſling ſtrife
Did bath in bloud of ſmartering woundes,
it reued byeth and life
No legend yet I tell,
ſcarce yet their eyes be drye
That did beholde the grilly ſight,
with wet and weeping eye
But when the prudent Prince,
who there the ſcepter helde
So great a new diſorder in
his common weale behelde
By gentill meane he ſought,
their choſler to allwage
And by perſwaſion to appeaſe,
their blamefull furious rage
But both his wordes and time,
the Prince hath ſpent in vaine

The tragicall historie

So rooted was the inwarde hate,
 he lost his busie paine:
 When friendly sage aduise,
 ne gentle wordes auaille:
 By thundring threats, & princely power
 their courage gan be quayle,
 In hope, that when he had
 the wasting flame suppress,
 In time he should quite quench the sparks
 that burnde within their brest:
 Now whilst these Ambassadors
 remaine in this estate:
 And eache with outward friendly shew
 doth hide his inwarde hate:
 Que Romeo, who was
 of race a Montague,
 Upon whose tender chyn,
 no man-like bearde there grew:
 Whose beauty and whose shape
 so farre the rest did stayne,
 That from the chiefe of Verona
 he greatest fame did gayne,
 Hath founde a mayde so fayre
 (he found so fowle his happe)
 Whose beauty, Chape, and comely grace,
 did so his heart intrappe,
 That from his owne assayes,
 his thought she did reioine:
 Onely he sought to honour her,
 to serue her, and to loue.

To her he wyrteth oft,
 oft messengers are sent,
 At length (in hope of better spæde)
 him-selfe the louer went
 Present to pleade for grace;
 which absent was not founde.
 And to discouer to her eye
 his new receiued wounde.
 But she that from her youth
 was fostred euermore
 With vertues feede, and taught in schools
 of wisdomes skilfull loze:
 By aunswere did cut off
 th'affections of his loue,
 That he no more occasion had
 to bayne a lute to mone.
 So sterne she was of chære,
 (for all the paines he toke)
 That in rewarde of coyle, she would
 not giue a frendly looke.
 And yet how much she did
 with constanc minde retyre:
 So much the more his seruent minde
 was prickt forth by desire.
 But when he many monethes,
 hopelesse of his recure
 Had serued her, who forced not
 (what paynes he did endure)
 At length he thought to leaue
 Verona, and to pproue

The tragicall historie

If chaunge of place might chaunge away
his ill bestowed loue.
And speaking to himselfe,
thus gan he make his mone:
What booteth me to loue and serue
a fell vnrhankfull one:
Sith that my humble sute
and labour sowde in vaine,
Can reape no other fruite at all
but scorne and prowde disdain,
What way shee seekes to goe,
the same I seeke to runne:
But she the path wherein I treade,
with speedy flight doth thynne.
I cannot liue, except
that nere to her I be:
She is ay best content when she
is farthest off from me.
Wherefore hence-forth I will
farre from her take my flight,
Perhaps mine eye once banished
by absence from her sight,
This fyre of mine, that by
her pleasant eyne is fed,
Shall litle and litle weare away,
and quite at last be ded.
But whilst he did decree
this purpose still to keepe:
A contrary repugnant thought
sanke in his brest so deepe:

That doubtfull is he now,
 which of the twayne is best
 In sighes, in sobs, in plaint, in care,
 in sorow and unrest
 He mones the day, he wakes
 the long and weary night
 So deepe hath loue with pearcing hand
 y-grau'd her beautie bright
 Within his brest, and hath
 so mastred quite his heart
 That he of force must valde as choll,
 no way is left to start
 He cannot stay his step,
 but forth still must he runne
 He languisheth, and melts away
 as snow against the sunne
 His kindred and allies
 do wonder what he ayles
 And eache of them in frendly wise,
 his heauie hap bewayles.
 But one among the rest,
 the trustiest of his fares,
 far more than he with counsell filde
 and riper of his eares,
 Can sharply him rebuke
 such loue to him he bare,
 That he was fellow of his sinare,
 and partner of his care.
 What meunst thou Romeus
 (quoth he) what dotting rage

The tragicall historie

Doth make thee thus consume away,
 the best part of thine age,
 In seeking her that scornes,
 and hides her from thy sight,
 Not forcing altho great expence,
 ne yet thy honour bright,
 Thy teares, thy wretched life,
 in thine vnspotted truth;
 Which art of force (I weene) to moue
 the hardest heart to ruth;
 Now for our friendships sake,
 and for thine health, I pray,
 That thou henceforth become thine owne,
 I giue no more away,
 Unto a thankles wight,
 thy precious free estate;
 In that thou louest such a one,
 thou seemst thy selfe to hate;
 For she doth loue els-where,
 (and then thy loue is loine)
 Or els (what booteth thee to sue)
 loues court she hath forsworne;
 Both young thou art of yeares,
 and high in Fortunes grate;
 What man is better hapde than thou,
 who hath a sweeter face;
 By painfull studies meane
 great learning hast thou wonne;
 Thy parents haue none other heire,
 thou art thei onely sonne.

What

What greater greefe (crounst thou)
 what wofull deadly smart
 Should be so able to distraine
 thy seely fathers heart
 As in his age to see
 that plunged deepe in vice
 When greatest hope he hath to heare
 thy vertues same arise
 What shall thy kinsmen thinke,
 thou cause of all they ruth
 Thy deadly foes do laugh to scorne
 thy ill employed yowth
 Wherefore my counsell is
 that thou henceforth begin
 To know and shie the error which
 too long thou liuest in
 Remove the haile of loue
 that keepes thine eyes so blinde
 That thou ne canst the ready path
 of thy forefathers finde
 But if vnto thy will
 so much in thall thou art
 Yet in some other place bestowe
 thy witles wandring hart
 Chooe out some worthie dame
 her honour thou and serue
 Who will giue eare to thy complaint
 and pittie ere thou sterue
 But for no more thy paines
 in such a barraine soyle,

The tragicall historie

As yelldes in hartest time no troope
in recompence of trople,
Ere long, the townish dames
together will resort:
Some one of beautie, fauour, shape,
and of so louely port,
With so fast fixed eye,
perhaps thou maist beholde:
That thou shalt quite forget thy loue,
and passions past of olde.
The yong mans listning eare
receiue the hollome sounde,
And reasons truth y-planted so
within his head had ground:
That now with healthie coole
y-temperd is the heate:
And peccemeale weares away the grasse
that earst his heart did frease.
To his approued friend
a solemne oth he plight,
At eu'ry feast y-kept by day,
and banquet made by night:
At pardons in the Church,
at games in open streete:
And eu'ry where he would resort,
where Ladies ble to meete.
Eke should his savage heart
lyke all indifferently:
For he would bewe and iudge them all
with vnallured eye.

How happy had he beene,
had he not beene forsworne:
But twise as happy had he beene,
had he beene neuer bozne.
For ere the Moone could thise
her wasted hornes renew,
False Fortune cast for him pooze wretch
a mischiese newe to brew.
The weaty winter nightes
restore the Christmas games:
And now the season doth invite
to banquet townish dames.
And first in Capels house,
the chiefe of all the kyn,
Sparth for no cost, the wonted vse
of banquets to begin.
No Lady fayre or fowle
was in Verona towne:
No Knight or gentleman,
of high or low renowne:
But Capilet himselte
hath bid vnto his feast:
Or by his name in paper sent
appoynted as a guest.
Pong damselfs thether flocke,
of bachelers a rowte:
Not so much for the banquets sake,
as beauties to searche out.
But not a Montagew
would enter at his gate:

The tragicall historie

For as you hearde, the Capilets,
and they were at debate.
Saue Romeus, and he,
in maske with hidden face,
The supper done, with other fine
did please into the place.
When they had mask'd a while,
with dames in courtly wise:
All did unmaske, the rest did shew
them to their Ladies eyes.
But bashfull Romeus,
with shamefast face forsooke
The open please, and him withdrew
into the chambers nooke.
But brighter than the Sunne,
the waxen torches shone,
That mauer what he could, he was
espide of euery one.
But of the women chiefe,
their gasing eyes that threwe
To wonder at his lightly shape
and beauties spotles hewe.
With which the heauens him had
and Nature so bedect:
That Ladies thought the fayrest dames:
were fowle in his respect.
And in their head beside,
an other wonder rose:
How he durst put himselfe in throng,
among so many foes.

Of courage stoute they thought
his comming to procede:
And women loue an hardie heart,
as I in stories reade.

The Capilets disbaine
the presence of their foe:
Yet they suppress their stirred ye,
the cause I doe not knowe.

Perhaps t'offend their guesstes,
the courteous knights are loth:
Perhaps they stay from sharpe reuenge,
dreading the Princes wroth.

Perhaps for that they shamed,
to exercise their rage
Within their house, gainst one alone,
and him of tender age.

They vse no taunting talke,
ne harme him by their deede:
They neyther say, what makste thou here,
ne yet they say God spæde.

So that he freely might
the Ladies view at ease:
And they also beholding him,
their chaunge of fancies please.

Which Nature had him taught,
to doe with such a grace:
That there was none but loyed at
his being there in place.

With byright beame he wayd
the beauty of eche dame,

The tragicall historie,
And iudge who best, and who next her
was wrought in Natures frame.
At length he saw a mayde
right fayre of perfect shape:
Which Theseus or Paris would
haue chosen to theyr rape.
Whom earst he neuer saw,
of all she pleased him most:
Within himselfe he sayd to her,
thou iustly maist thee boiste,
Of perfect shapes renowne,
and Beauties sounding prayle:
Whose like ne hath, ne shall be seene
ne liueth in our dayes.
And whilst he fixt on her
his parciall pearted eye,
His former loue, for which of late
he ready was to dye,
Is now as quite forgot
as it had neuer beene:
The prouerb saith, vnmindes oft
are they that are vnseene.
And as out of a planke
a nayle a nayle doth driue:
So nouell loue out of the minde,
the auncient loue doth riue.
This sodaine kindled fire
in time is waxt so great,
That onely death, and both theyr blouds
might quenche the fierie heate.

When Romeus saw himselfe
 in this new tempest cost:
 Where both was hope of pleasant port,
 and daunger to be lost:
 He doubtfull scarcely knew
 what countenance to keepe:
 In Lethies floud his wonted flames
 were quencht and drenched depe.
 Pea, he forgets himselfe,
 ne is the wretch so bolde
 To aske her name, that without force
 hath him in bondage folde.
 He how t'vnlowe his bondes
 doth the poore foole deuise,
 But onely seeketh by her sight
 to feede his hungrie eyes.
 Through them he swalloweth downe
 loues sweete impoysonde baite;
 How surely are the wareles wapt,
 by those that lye in wayte.
 So is the poyson spred
 throughout his bones and baines,
 That in a while (alas the while)
 it hasteth deadly paines.
 Whilst Iuliet (for so
 this gentle damsell highe)
 From side to side on euery one
 did cast about her sight:
 At last her flowing eyes
 were ancoyd fast on him.

The tragicall historie

Who for her sake did banish health
and freedome from ech limme.
He in her sight did seeme,
to passe the rest as farre:
As Phœbus shining beames doe passe,
the brightnes of a starre.
In waite lay warlike Loue,
with golden bowe and shafte,
And to his eare with steady hande
the bow-string vp he cast,
Till now he had escape,
his sharpe inflaming darte:
Till now he list not assaulte,
her yong and tender heart.
His whetted arrow loose,
so toucht her to the quicke:
That through the eye it strake the heart,
and there the head did sticke.
It booten not to striue,
for why, she wanted strength:
The weaker aye vnto the strong
of force must yelde at length.
The pomps now of the feast,
her heart gins to despise:
And onely soyeth when her eyne
maete with her louers eyes.
When their new smitten heartes,
had fed on louing gleames:
Whilst passing to and fro their eyes
p-mingled were their beames:

Eche of these louers gan
by others lookes to knowe,
That friendship in their brest had roote:
and both would haue it growe.
When thus in both their heartes,
had Cupid made his breach:
And each of them had sought the meane
to ende the warre in speech:
Dame fortune did assent,
their purpose to aduance:
With torch in hand a comely knight,
did fetch her forth to daunce.
She quit her selfe so well,
and with so trim a grace:
That she the chiefe praise wan that night,
from all Verona race.
The whilst our Romeus,
a place had warely wonne:
Nye to the seate where she must sit.
the daunce once being done,
saye Iuliet turned to
her chayre with pleasant chere:
And glad she was her Romeus
approched was so nere.
At th'one side of her chayre,
her louer Romeo:
And on the other side there sate
one calde Mercutio.
A courtier that ech where,
was highly had in price:

The tragicall historie,

For hee was courteous of his speeche,
and pleasaunt of deuice.
Euen as a Lyon would
among the lambes behold:
Such was among the bashfull maydes,
Mercutio to bebolde.
With friendly gripe hee ceas'd
fayre Iuliets snowish hand:
A gift hee had that Nature gaue
him to his swathing band.
That frosen mountaine yse
was neuer halfe so cold,
As were his hands, though nere so nere
the fyre he did them holde.
As soone as had the Knight
the virgins right hand raught:
Within his trembling hand her left
hath louing Romeus caught.
For hee wist well, him selfe
for her abode most paine:
And well hee wist shee loude him best,
vnlesse shee list to faine.
Then shee with tender hand
his tender palme hath prest:
What ioy crow you was grassed now
in Romeus clouen brest?
The sodaine sweete delight
hath stopped quite his tongue:
He can hee claime of her his right,
ne craue redressse of wrong.

But shee espyde straight way
by chaunging of his hue
from pale to red, from red to pale,
and so from pale anewe :
That behtment loue was cause,
Why so his tongue did stay :
And so much more shee longd to heare
What loue could teache him say.
When shee had longed long,
and hee long held his peace,
And her desire of hearing him
by silence did encrease :
At last with trembling voyce
and shamelast chere, the mayde
Vnto her Romeus turnde her selfe,
and thus to him shee sayde :
O blessed be the time
of thy arriuall heere :
But ere shee could speake forth the rest,
to her Loue drew so nere,
And so within her mouth
her tongue hee glued fast,
That no one word could scape her more,
than what alreadye past.
In great contended ease
the yong man straight is rapt,
What chaunce (qu hee) vnware to me,
O Lady mine is hapt,
That giues you worthie cause
my cumming here to blisse.

The tragicall historie

Fayre Iuliet was come agayne
vnto her selfe by this.

Fy! ruthfully shee lookt,
then sayd with smyling cheere:

Paruaile no whit, my hearts delight,
my onely Knight and fere.

Mercutios psy hand,
had all to frozen mine:

And of thy goodnes, thou againe
hast warmed it with thine.

Whereto with stayed brow,
gan Romeusto replie:

If so the Gods haue graunted me
such fauour from the skie,

That by my being heare,
some seruice I haue done!

That pleasest you, I am as gladd
as I a realme had wonne.

O well bestowed time,
that hath the happy byre,

Which I would wishe, if I might haue
my wished hearts desire.

For I of God would craue,
as pryse of paine forpast,

To serue, obey, and honour you,
so long as life shall last:

As prooue shall teache you playne,
if that you like to trie

His falsles truth, that nil for ought,
vnto his Lady lie.

But if my touched hand,
haue warmed yours some dele,
Assure your selfe the heat is cold,
which in your hand you fele,
Compard to such quicke sparkes,
and glowing furious gleade,
As from your beauties pleasant eyne,
loue caused to proceade.
Which haue so set on fyre
eache feeling part of mine,
That lo, my minde doth melt away,
my outward parts doe pine.
And, but you help, all whole
to ashes should I turne :
Wherefore (alas) haue ruth on him,
whom you doe force to burne.
Euen with his ended tale
the torches daunce had end,
And Iuliet of force must part,
from her new chosen friend.
His hand she clasped hard,
and all her parts did shake :
When leasureles with whispering voice
thus did shee answere make.
You are no more your owne.
(deare friend) than I am yours ;
(Mine honour sau'd) prest to obey
your will, while life endures,
To heere the lucky lot,
that seeld true louers finde:

The tragicall historie,

Ech takes away the others heart,
and leaues their owne behinde.

A happy life is loue,

if God graunt from aboue,

That heart with heart by euen waight
doe make exchaunge of loue.

But Romeus gone from her

his heart for care is colder:

He hath forgot to aske her name

that hath his heart in holde.

With forged careles chere,

of one he seekes to knowe,

Both how she hight, & whence she came

that him enchaunted so.

So hath he learnd her name,

and knowth she is no geast,

Her father was a Capilet,

and maister of the feast.

Thus hath his foe in choise

to giue him life or death,

That scarcely can his woful brest

keepe in the liuely breath.

Therefore with piteous plaint

fierce fortune doth he blame:

That in his ruth and wretched plight

doth seeke her laughing game.

And he reproueth loue,

chiefe cause of his vnrest:

Who ease and freedom hath exile

out of his youthfull brest.

Twise hath he made him serue,
hopeles of his rewarde:
Of both the illes to choose the lesse,
I weene the choyse were harde.
First to a ruthlesse one
he made him sue for grace:
And now with spurre he forceth him
to runne an endles race.
Amid these stormy seas
one anchor doth him holde:
He serueth not a cruell one,
as he had done of olde.
And therefore is content,
and chooseth still to serue,
Though hap should sweare þ' guerdonles
the wretched weight shoulde serue.
The lot of Tantalus
is, Romeus, like to thine,
For want of food amid his foode,
the miser still doth pine.
As carefull was the maide,
what way were best deuise
To learne his name, that intertaine
her in so gentle wise.
Of whome her heart receiue
so deepe, so wide a wounde,
An auncient dame she cald to her
and in her eare gan rounde.
This old dame in her youth,
had nursed her with her milke,

The tragicall historie

With slender neede taught her sow,
and how to spin with silke.

What twayne are those, (qu she)
which please vnto the doze,

Whose pages in theyr hands do beare
two torches light before.

And then as eache of them
had of his household name,

So she him namde yet once againe
the yong and wply dame.

And tel me who is he
with visor in his hand :

That ponder doth in masking wæde
beside the window stand.

His name is Romens,
(sayd she) a Montagewe,

Whose fathers pride first stird the strife
which both your households rew,

The worde of Montagewe,
her ioyes did ouerthrow :

And straight in steede of happy hope,
despayre began to grow.

What hap haue I (qu she),
to loue my fathers foe ?

What, am I weary of my weale ?
what, doe I wish my woe ?

But though her grievous paines
distraynd her tender hart,

Pet with an outward shew of ioy,
she cloked inward smart.

And of the courtlike dames
her leaue so courtlike tooke,
That none did gesse the sodaine chaunge,
by chaunging of her looke.
Then at her mothers best,
to chamber shee her hyde:
So well shee fainde, mother ne nurce
the hidden harme describe.
But when she should haue slept,
as wont she was, in bed,
Not halfe a winke of quiet sleepe
could harbour in her hed.
For lo, an hugie heape
of diuers thoughts arise,
That rest haue banisht from her heart,
and slumber from her eyes.
And now from side to side
she colleth and she turnes,
And now for feare shee shiuereth,
and now for loue shee burnes.
Ah seely foole (qd she) ——— v. E. 12. 1562.
p-caught in suttel snare:
Ah wretched wench bewrapt in woe,
ah captife clad with care.
Whence come these wandring thoughts,
to thy vnconstant brest?
By straying thus from reasons loze,
that reue thy wonted rest?
What if his suttel braine,
to fayne haue taught his tongue?

The tragicall historie,

And so the snake that lurkes in grasse
thy tender hart hath stong?
What if with friendly speech
the traytoꝝ lie in wayte?
As oft the poysonde hooke is hid
wrypt in the pleasaunt bait:
Oft vnder cloke of trueth,
hath fallshood serude her lust:
And turnd their honoꝝ into shame,
that did so slighely trust.
What, was not Dido so,
a crowned Quene defaunde?
And eke for such an heinous crime,
haue men not Thescus blamde?
A thousande stozies moze,
to teach me to beware:
In Bocace and in Ouids booke
too plainly wrytten are.
Perhaps the great reuenge
he cannot worke by strength:
By subtyll sleight (my honoꝝ staynd)
he hopes to worke at length.
So shall I seeke to finde
my fathers foe his game:
So I defilde, Report shall take
her trompe of blacke defame.
Whence she with puffed cheeke
shall blowe a blast so shrill
Of my dyspraise, chat with the noise
Verona shall she fill.

Then I a laughing stocke
through all the towne become,
Shal hide my selfe, but not my shame,
within an hollowe tombe.
Streight vnderneath her foote,
she treadeth in the dust
Her troublous thought as wholy vaine,
p-bred of sonde distrust.
No no, by God above,
I wote it well quoth she,
Although I rashly spake before,
in no wise can it be:
That where such perfect shape,
with pleasant bewtie restes:
There crooked craft and treason blacke,
should be appointed gesses.
Sage writers say, the thoughts
are dwelling in the eyne:
Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes,
that Romeus is myne.
The tongue, the messenger
eke call they of the minde:
So that I see he loveth me:
shall I then be unkinde?
His faces rosie helwe,
I sawe full oft to seeke:
And streight againe it flashed forth,
and spred in either cheeke.
His fixed heavenly eyne,
that through me quite did peree,

The tragicall historie

His thoughts vnto my heart, my thought
they seemed to rehearse.

What ment his soltring tongue,
in telling of his tale?

The trembling of his ioynts, and eke
his colour waxen pale:

And whilst I talke with him,
himselfe he hath exilde,

Out of himselfe (as seemed me)
ne was I sure beguilde.

Those arguments of loue
craft wrate not in his face:

But Natures hand, when all deceipt
was banisht out of place.

What other certaine signes
seeke I of his good will?

These doe suffice: and stedfast I
will loue and serue him stil,

Till Atropos shall cut
my fatall thred of life:

So that he minde to make of me
his lawfull wedded wife.

For so, perchaunce, this new
alliance may procure

Vnto our houses such a peace
as euer shall endure.

Oh how wee can perswade
our selfe to what we like:

And how we can dissuade our minde,
if ought our minde mislike.

Weak arguments are strong,
our fancies streight to frame
To pleasing things, and eake to shunne,
if we mislike the same.
The mayde had scarcely yet
ended the weary warre,
Kept in her heart by struuing thoughtes,
when eu'ry shining starre
Had payde his borrowde light,
and Phcebus spied in skies
His golden rayes, which seemd to say :
now time it is to rise.
And Romeus had by this
y-left his weary bed :
Where he a thousand thoughts and more,
had forged in his hed,
And while with lingring step
by Iuliet's house he past :
And upward to her windoes high
his greedy eyes did cast.
His loue that lookte for him,
there gan he straight espie :
With pleasaunt chere ethe greeted is :
she followeth with her eye
His parting steps, and he
oft looketh backe agayne :
But not so oft as hee desires,
warely hee doth re scape.
What life were like to loue,
if bred of icopardie.

D-solued not the sweete, if long as she
 were free from felosie.
 But she more sure within,
 vnseene of any wight,
 When so he comes, lookes after him,
 till hee be out of sight.
 In often passing so,
 his busie eyes he chere,
 That euery pane and rooting hole
 the wily louer knew.
 In happy home he doth
 a garden plot espie:
 From which except he warely walke,
 men may his loue descrie.
 For loe, it fronted full
 vpon her leaning place:
 Where shee is wont to shew her heart,
 by cherefull friendly face.
 And lest the at boys might
 they secret loue bewray,
 He doth keepe backe his forwarde foote
 from passing there by day.
 But when on earth the night
 her mantle blacke hath spred,
 Wel armed he walketh forth alone,
 ne dreadfull foes doth dread.
 [Whome maketh Loue not bold
 nay whome makes he not blinde
 He reueth daungers dread oft times
 out of the louters minde.
 By night

* By night hee passeth here, and pines away
 a weeke or two in payne: and still hee
 And for the missing of his marke
 his grieve hath him nie flaine:
 And Iuliet that now
 both lacke her hearts releefe:
 Her Romeus pleasauntie (I meane)
 is almost dead for greefe.
 Each way shee chaungeeth howres,
 (for louers keepe an houre,
 When they are sure to see their loue
 in passing by their howres)
 Impatient of her woe,
 shee hapt to leape one night
 Within her window, and anon
 the Moone did shine so bright,
 That shee espide her loue:
 her heart reuiued sprang,
 And now for ioy she claps her handes,
 Which erst for woe she wrang.
 Eke Romeus when he saw
 his long desired sight:
 His moorning cloake of mone cast off,
 hath clad him with delight:
 Yet dare I say, of both,
 that she reioyced more:
 His care was great, hers twofold as great,
 was all the time before:
 For whilst she knew not why
 he did himselfe absent,

The tragicall historie

Aye doubting both his health and life,
 his death she did lament.
 For loue is fearfull oft,
 where is no cause of feare:
 And what loue feares, that loue laments,
 as though it chanced were.
 Of greater cause alway,
 is greater worke p-bred:
 While he nought doubterh of his health,
 shee dreads least he be dead.
 When onely absence is
 the cause of Romeus smart,
 By happie hope of sight againe,
 hee feedes his fainting heart.
 What wonder then if he
 were wrapt in lesse annoy,
 What maruaile if by sodaine sight
 shee fed of greater toy?
 His smaller grieke or toy,
 no smaller loue doe prone this
 He for she passeth him in both,
 did shee passe him in loue.
 But each of them alike
 did burne in equall flame:
 The welbelouing Knight, and eke
 the welbeloued dame.
 Now whilst with bitter teares,
 her eyes as fountaines runne:
 With whispering voyce p-broke with sobe,
 thus is her tale begonne.

Oh Romeus, of your life
too lauas sure you are:
That in this place, and at this time,
to hasard it you dare.
What if your deadly foes,
my kinsmen, saw you here?
Like Lyons wilde, your tender partes
asunder would they teare.
In ruth and in disoayne,
I weary of my life,
With cruel hand my mourning heart,
would pearce with bloudy knife.
For your mine owne once deade,
what ioy should I haue heere?
And eke mine honour stainde, which I
than life doe holde more deare.
Fayre Lady mine dame Iuliet,
my life (quoth hee)
Euen from my birth committed was
to fatal sisters thre.
They may, in spite of foes,
drawe forth my lively thred:
And they also, who sayeth nay?
asunder may it shred.
But who to reauie my life,
his rage and force would bend:
Perhaps should trie vnto his paine,
how I could it defend.
He yet I lone it so,
but alwayes for your sake,

The tragicall historie

A sacrifice to death I would
 my wounded corps betake.
 If my mishap were such,
 that here before your sight
 I should restore againe to death
 of life my borrowde light:
 This one thing, and no more,
 my parting spirit would reuer
 That part it should, before that you
 by certaine tryall knew
 The loue I doe to you,
 the thrall I languish in;
 And how I dread to loose the gaine,
 which I doe hope to win.
 And how I wish for life
 not for my proper ease:
 But that in it you might I loue,
 you honour, serue, and please.
 Till deadly pangs the spite
 out of my corps shall send:
 And thereupon besware an oth,
 and so his tale had end.
 Now loue and pitie boyle
 in Iuliets ruthfull brest:
 In windowe on her leaning arme
 her weary head doth rest.
 Her bosome bath'd in teares,
 to witnes inward paine:
 With dreary cheere to Romens,
 thus answerde she againe.

Ah my

Ah my deare Romeus,
 keepe in these wordes (quoth she)
 For so, the thought of such mischaunce
 already maketh me,
 For pity and for dread,
 wel nigh to yeeld up breath:
 In euen ballance peyzed are
 my life and eake my death.
 For so my heart is hant,
 yea, made all one with your ead,
 That sure there is no griefe so small,
 by which your minde endures,
 But as you suffer paine,
 so I doe heare in part,
 (Although it lessens not your grieffe)
 the halfe of all your smart.
 But these things overpast,
 if of your health and mine
 You haue respect, or pittie ought,
 my teary weeping eyne
 In few vnfayned wordes,
 your hidden minde vnfolde,
 That as I see your pleasant face,
 your heart I may beholde.
 For if you doe intende
 mine honour to defile,
 In error shall you wander still,
 as you haue done this while.
 But if your thought be chaste,
 and haue on vertue ground:

The tragicall historie

If wedlocke be the ende and marke,
 which your desire hath found:
 Obedience set aside,
 vnto my parents dew:
 The quarell eke that long agoe,
 betwæne our householdes grewe,
 Both me and mine I will,
 all whole to you betake:
 And following you where so you goe,
 my fathers house forsake.
 But if by wonton loue,
 and by vnlawfull sute,
 You thinke in ripest pæres to plucke
 my maydenhods daintie fruite:
 You ate beguilde, and now,
 your Iuliet you beseeke
 To cease your sute, and suffer her
 to liue among her likes.
 Then Romeus, whose thought
 was free from fowle desire:
 And to the top of vertues hayght,
 did worthely aspire:
 Alas filld with greater ioy,
 than can my pen expresse:
 O, til they haue enjoyde the like,
 the hearers heart can gesse.
 And then with iopned handes,
 heau'd vp vnto the skies:
 He thanks the Gods, & from the heauens
 for vengeaunce downe he cries,

If he haue other thought,
 but as his Lady spake:
 And then his looke he turnde to her,
 and thus did answere make.
 Since, Lady, that you like,
 to honoꝛ me so much:
 As to accept me for your spouse,
 I yelde my selfe for such.
 In true witnes wherof,
 because I must depart:
 Till that my deede doe pꝛoue my word,
 I leaue in pawne my heart.
 To morowe betimes,
 before the Sunne arise:
 To Fryer Lawrence will I wende,
 to learne his sage aduise.
 He is my ghostly fyre,
 and oft he hath me taught:
 What I should doe in things of waight,
 when I his ayde haue sought.
 And at this selfe same howre,
 I plight you here my faith:
 I will be heere (if you thinke good)
 to tell you what he saith.
 She was contented well:
 els fauour found he none.
 That night at Lady Iuliers hand,
 saue pleasaunt wordes alone.
 This barefoote Fryer girt
 with cord his grayish weede,

21 The tragicall historie

For he of Frauncis dyer was
a Fryer, as we rebe.
Not as the most was he,
a grosse vblearned fooler
But Doctor of diuinitie
proceeded he in schole,
The secretes eke he knew,
in natures workes that looke:
By magiks Arte most men suppose,
that he could wonders worke
He doth it ill beseme
Deuines those skills to know:
If on no harmefull vnder they doe,
such skilfulnes bestowe.
For iustly, of no Arte
can men condemne the vse:
But right and reasons loze crye out,
against the lewde abuse.
The hountie of the Fryer,
and wisdom hath so womne
The townes folkes hearts, that welnigh al
to Fryer Laurence tonne
To shryue themselves, the olde,
the pong, the great and small
Of all he is beloued well,
and honoure much of all.
And (for he did the rest)
in wisdom farre excellede
The Prince by him (his counsell craide)
was holpe at time of neede.

Between the Capilets,
and him great friendship grew:
A secret and assured friend
unto the Montague;
Loved of this young man more,
than any other guest.
The Fryer eke of Verona youth,
aye lyked Romeus best.
For whom he ever hath
in time of his distresse:
(As erst you heard) by skilfull lore,
found out his harmes redresse.
To him is Romeus gon,
he stayth he till to morrowe:
To him he paynteth all his case,
his passed ioy and sorowe.
How he hath her espide
with other dames in daunce,
And how that first to talke with her,
himselke he did aduance.
Their talke and chaunge of looks
he gan to him declare,
And how so fast by faith and troth
they both y-coupled are:
That neither hope of life,
nor dread of cruell death,
Shall make him false his faith to her,
while life shall lend him breath.
And then with weeping eyes,
he prayes his ghostly spye,

To further and accomplishe all
 their honest hearts desire.
 A thousand doubts and moe,
 in th' old mans head arose:
 A thousand daungers like to come,
 the olde man doth disclose,
 And from the spousall rites,
 he readeth him refraine:
 Perhaps he shalbe bet aduise,
 within a weeke or twayne.
 Aduise is banisht quit,
 from those that followe loue:
 Except aduise to what they
 their bending minde doe moue.
 As well the father might,
 haue counseldoe him to stay
 That frō a mountaines top throwne downe,
 is falling halfe the way:
 As warne his friend to stop,
 amid his race begunne:
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip,
 enforceth forth to runne.
 Part worne by earnest sute,
 the Fryre doth graunt at last:
 And part because he thinkes the stornes
 so lately ouerpast:
 Of both the households wrath,
 this maryage might appease,
 So that they should not rage againe,
 but quite for euer cease.

The respite of a day
he asketh to deuise,
What way were best vnkowne, to ende
so greate an enterpryse.
The wounded man that nowe,
doth deadly paines endure:
Scarfe patient tarieth whilst his leech,
doth make the salue to cure.
So Romeus scarcely graunts
a short day and a night:
Yet needs he must, els must he want
his onely hearts delight.
You see that Romeus,
no time or paine doth spare:
Thinke that the while faire Iuliet,
is not deuoyd of care.
Pong Romeus powreth forth,
his hap and his mishap
Into the Fryers brest: but where
shall Iuliet betray
The secrets of her heart:
to whome shall she vnfolde,
Her hidden burning loue, and eke
her thought and cares so colde:
The nurse, of whom I spake,
within her chamber lay:
Upon the mayde she waiteth still:
to her she doth betray
Her new receiued wound,
and then her ayde doth craue:

The tragicall historie

In her she sayes it lies to spill,
in her, her life to saue.
Not easilie she made
the froward nurse to bowe,
But wonne at length with promist hire,
she made a solemne vowe,
To doe what she commaundes,
as handmaide of her best,
Her mastres secrets hide she will,
within her covert brest.
To Romeus she goes,
of him she doth desire,
To knowe the meane of mariage,
by counsell of the Fryer.
On Saturday (quoth he)
if Iuliet come to shifte,
She shall be shride and married:
how like you nurse this drift?
Now by my truth (quoth she)
Gods blessing haue your heart:
For yet in all my life I haue
not heard of such a parte.
Lord, how you yong men can
such craftie wiles deuise,
If that ye loue the daughter well,
to bleare the mothers eyes.
An easie thing it is,
with cloake of holines,
To mocke the sillie mother, that
suspecteth nothing lesse.

But that it pleased you to tell me of the case,
 For all my many peares, perhaps,
 I should haue found it scarce.
 Now for the rest, let me
 and Juliet alone:
 To get her leaue, some excuse
 I wil deuise anon.
 For that her golden lockes
 by sloath haue been vnkempt
 Or for vnwares some wanton dreame
 the youtfull damsell dreame
 Or for in thought of love
 her idle time shee spent
 Or otherwise within her heart
 deserued to be spent.
 I know her mother will
 in no case say her nay
 I warrant you shee shall not faile
 to come on Saturday
 And then shee sweares to him,
 the mother loues her well
 And how shee galce her sucke in pouch;
 she leaueth not to tell
 A pte of her (as shee)
 it was when it was young
 Lord, how it coulde full pte
 haue pteated with it tongue
 A thousand times and more
 I layde her on my lappe

22 The tragical historie

And clapt her on the buttock soft,
 and kist where I did clap.
 And gladder than was I,
 of such a kisse forsooth:
 Than I had beene to haue a kisse,
 at some olde lechers mouth.
 And thus of Iuhet's youth
 began this prating noise:
 And of her present state to make
 a tedious long discourse.
 For though he pleasure tooke,
 in hearing of his loue:
 The message answere seemed him
 to be of more behoue.
 But when these Beldames sit
 at ease vpon theyr taylor,
 The day, and eke the candle light
 before theyr talke, shall faile
 And part they say is true,
 and parte they doe deuise:
 Yet boldly do they chat of both,
 when no man checks theyr lyes.
 Then he vi. crowmes of gold
 out of his pocket drew:
 And gaue them her, a sleight swarke
 (quoth he) and so adew.
 In leauen yeares twise tolde
 she had not bene so low
 Her crooked knees, as now they bower
 she sweares she will bestow

her

Her craftie wit, her time,
and all her busie paine,
To helpe him to his hoped blisse:
and cōwring downe agayne
Shē takes her leaue, and home
shē hys with speedy pace:
The chamber doze shē shuts, and then
shē sayth with simpling face:
Good newes for thē my gyile,
good tidings I thee bring:
Leaue off thy wonted song of care,
and now of pleasure sing.
For thou mayst holde thy selfe,
the happiest vnder sunne:
That in so litle while, so well
so worthie a knight hath wonne.
The best shapde is he,
and hath the fayrest face
Of all this towne, & there is none
hath halfe so good a grace.
So gentle of his speche,
and of his counsell wise:
And stil with many prayles more,
she heau'd him to the skies.
Tell me els what, (quoth she)
this euermore I thought:
But of our marriage say at once,
what answer haue you brought?
May soft, quoth shē, I feare
your hurt by sodaine ioy,

The tragickall historie

I list not playe (quoth Iuliet)
 although thou wilt be coy.
 How glad from you was she,
 when she had heard her say:
 No further off than Saturday,
 differred was the day.
 Again the ancient nurse
 doth speake of Romeus:
 And then (sayde she) he spake to me,
 and then I spake him thus.
 Nothing was done or sayde,
 that she hath left untolde,
 Saue onel yone, that she forgot,
 the taking of the golde.
 There is no losse (quoth she)
 (sweete wench) is losse of time.
 He in thine age shalt thou repent
 so much of any crime.
 For when I call to minde,
 my former passed youth:
 One thing there is, which most of all
 doth cause my endles ruth.
 At sixtene yeares I first
 did choole my louing feere:
 And I was fully ripe before,
 (I dare well say) a yeare.
 The pleasure that I lost
 that yeare so ouer past,
 A thousand times I haue bewept,
 and shall while life doth last.

In faith

In fayth it were a shame, and yet thou shalt not
 see a sinne it were ywisle, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 When thou maist liue in happy ioy, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 to set light by thy blisse, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 She that this morning could ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 her mistres minde dissuade, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 Is now become an Quatrellie, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 her Lady to perswade, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 If any man be here, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 whome loue hath clad with care: ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 To him I speake, If thou wilt speede, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 thy purse thou must not spare. ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 Two sorts of men there are, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 seeld welcome in at doore: ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 The welchle sparring niggard, and the turne, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 the sutor that is poore, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 For glittering golde is wont ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 by kinde to moue the heart: ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 And oftentimes a sleight reward ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 doth cause a more desert. ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 P-wittrich haue I read, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 I wot not in what booke: ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 There is no better way to fishe, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 than with a golden hook. ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 Of Romeo's these two ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 doe sit and chat a while, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 And to themselves they laughe, how they ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 the mother shall beguile. ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 A feate excuse they finde, ~~and yet thou shalt not~~
 but sure I know it not: ~~and yet thou shalt not~~

The tragicall historie

And leaue for her to go to churche
 on Saturday she got.
 So well this Iuliet,
 this wiely wench she did know
 Her mothers angrie howres, and eke
 the true bent of her bow:
 The Saturday betimes
 in sober webe y-clad,
 She tooke her leaue, and forth she went
 with visage graue and sad.
 With her the nurse is sent
 a bridle of her lust:
 With her the mother sendes a maide,
 almost of equall trust:
 Betwixt her teeth the bytte
 the Ienet now hath caught:
 So warily eke the virgin walkes,
 her maide perceiue noth nought.
 She gaseth not in Church,
 on yong men of the towne:
 He wandreth shee from place to place,
 But straight way kneleth downe
 Upon an altars step,
 where she deuoutly prayes:
 And there, vpon her tender knees,
 the weary Lady stapes,
 Whilste she doth send her mayde,
 the certayne truth to know,
 If Fryer Laurence leysure had,
 to heare her churche, or no.

Out of his thriuing place
 he comes, with pleasant chære:
 The shamefast mayde with bashfull brow
 to himward draweth nere.
 Some great offence (quoth he)
 you haue committed late:
 Perhaps you haue displeasde your friend,
 by giuing him a mate.
 Then turning to the nurce,
 and to the other mayde:
 Goe heare a masse or two, quoth he,
 which straight way shall he sayde.
 For, her confession heard,
 I will vnto you twaine
 The charge that I receiue of you,
 restore to you agayne.
 What, was not Iuliet
 trowe you right well apayde?
 That for this trustie Fryre hath chaungde
 her yong mistrusting mayde.
 I dare well say, there is
 in all Verona none
 But Romeus, with whom shee would
 so gladly be alone.
 Thus to the Fryers tell
 they both forth walked bin:
 He shuts the doze as soone as he
 and Iuliet were in.
 But Romeus her friend
 was entred in before:

The tragickall historie

And there had wayted for his loue,
 two howres large and more.
 Eche minute fermd on howre,
 and eu'ry howre a day:
 Twixt hope her liued and despair,
 of comming or of stay.
 Now wauering hope and feare,
 are quite fled out of sight:
 For what he hopde he hath at hand,
 his pleasaunt chiefe delight.
 And ioyfull Iuliet
 is healede of all her smart:
 For now the rest of al her partes,
 haue founde her straying hant.
 Both they confessions first
 the Fryre hath heard them make:
 And then to her with lowde voyce,
 thus Fryer Laurence spake.
 Faire Lady Iuliet,
 my ghostly daughter deere:
 As far as I of Romeus learne,
 who by you standeth heere.
 Twixt you it is agreed,
 that you shall be his wife:
 And he your spouse in steady trust,
 till death shall end your life.
 Are you both fully bent,
 to keepe this great behest?
 And both the louers say, it was
 theyr onely hearts request.

When he did see their mindes
 in linkes of loue so fast:
 When in the prayse of wenlocke state,
 some skillfull talke was past:
 When he had tolde at length,
 the wife what was her due:
 His duety eke by ghostly talke
 the youthfull husbend knew:
 How that the wife in loue,
 must honor and obey:
 What loue and honor he doth owe,
 and debt that he must pay.
 The wordes pronounced were
 which holy Church of olde,
 Appoynted hath for mariage:
 and she a ring of golde
 Receiued of Romeo:
 and then they both arose:
 To whom the Fryre then said, perchance
 a part you will disclose,
 Betwixt your selfe alone,
 the bottome of your hearts:
 Say on at once, for time it is
 that hence you should depart.
 Then Romeo saide to her,
 (both loth to parte so soone):
 Fayre Lady send to me againe
 your nurse this after-noon:
 Of corde I will bespeake
 a ladder by that time:

The tragicall historie

By which, this night, while other sleepe,
 I will your window climbe.
 Then will we talke of loue,
 and of our olde dispayres:
 And then with longer leasure had,
 dispose our great affaires.
 This said, they kisse, and then
 part to their fathers house:
 The ioyfull Bride vnto her home,
 to his eke go'th the spouse.
 Contented both, and yet
 both vncontented stil:
 Till night and Venus childre giue leaue
 the wedding to fulfill.
 The painfull souldier soze
 y-bet with wearie warre:
 The merchant eke that needfull thinges
 doth dread to fetch from farre:
 The plowman that for doubte
 of fierce inuading foes,
 Rather to sit in idle ease,
 than sowe his tilth hath chose:
 Reioyce to heare proclaimed
 the tydings of the peace:
 Not pleasurde with the sounde so much,
 but when the wartes doe cease.
 When ceased are the harmes,
 which cruell warre brings forth:
 The merchant then may boldly fetch,
 his wares of precious worth.

Dreadles the husband man,
doth tyll his fertile field:
For wealth her mate, not for her selfe,
is peace so precious helde.
So louers liue in care,
in dread, and in vnrest:
And deadly warre by straining thoughts,
they keepe within their brest.
But wedlocke is the peace,
whereby is freedom wonne:
To doe a thousand pleasant thinges,
that should not els be done.
The newes of ended warre,
they two haue heard with ioy:
But now they long the fruit of peace,
with pleasure to enioy.
In stormy winde and waue,
in daunger to be lost:
Thy steeles ship (O Romeus)
hath bene long while betost.
The Seas are now appeasde,
and thou by happy starre,
Art come in sight of quiet hauens:
and now the wretched barre
Is hid with swelling tide,
boldly thou maist resort
Unto thy wedded Ladies bed,
thy long desired port:
God graunt no follies mist,
so dimme thy inwarde sight:

The tragicall historie

That thou doe misse the chancel, that
doth leade to thy delight.
God graunt no daunger a rocke,
p-lurking in the darke:
Before thou win the happy port,
wracke thy Sea-beaten barke:
A seruant Romeus had,
of worde and dede so iust:
That with his life (if neede requirde)
his maister would him trust.
His faithfulness had oft
our Romeus proude of other
And therefore all that yet was done,
vnto his man he tolde.
Who straight as he was charge,
a corden ladder looke:
To which he hath made fast two strong
and crooked yron hookes.
The Bride to send the nurse,
at twilight sayleth not:
To whom the Bridegrome giuen hath,
the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him,
appoynteth her an hower
For whether Fortune smile on him,
or if she list to lowe,
He will not misse to come,
to his appoynted place,
Where wont he was to take by stealth,
the view of Iuliers face.

How long these lovers thought
the lasting of the day
Let other iudge, that woules are
like passions to assay.
For my part, I doe gette
ech howe lames twenty paces
So that I deeme if they might haue
(as of Alcume we heare)
The Sunne bound to their will,
if they the heauens might guide
Blacke shade of night and doubled darke
should straight all ouer hie.
Th' appoynted howe is come,
he clad in rich aray,
Walkes toward his desired home,
good fortune guide his way.
Approching neare the place,
from whence his heart had life:
So light he wore, he leapt the wall,
and there he spide his wife.
Who in the window watcht,
the comming of her Lorde
Where she so surely had made fast
the ladder made of cord.
That dangerles her spouse
the chamber window climbs:
Where he ere then had with himselfe
aboue ten thousand times.
The windowes close are shut,
elsa looke they for no guest.

The tragicall historie

To light the waxen quarriers,
the auncient nurse is prest.
Which Iuliet had before
prepared to be light,
That she at pleasure might behold
her husbands beautie bright.
A carchef white as snowe,
ware Iuliet on her bed:
Such as she wanted was to weare,
attyre meete for the bed,
As soone as she him spide,
about his necke she clongt
And by her long and slender armes,
a great while there she hong.
A thousand times she kist,
and him vnkist againe:
He could she speake a worde to him,
though would she nere so faine.
And like betwixt his armes
to faint his Lady is:
She fettes a sigh, and clappeth close
her closed mouth to his.
And ready then to sownde,
she looked ruthfully:
That loe, it made him both at once
to liue and eke to die.
These piteous painefull panges,
were haply ouerpast:
And she vnto her selfe againe,
returned home at last.

Then

Then through her troubled brest,
 euen from the farthest parte,
 An hollow sigh, a messenger
 she sendeth from the heart.
 O Romeus, quoth she,
 in whom all vertues shine,
 Welcome thou art into this place,
 where from these eyes of mine,
 Such teary streames did flowe:
 that I suppose well nye
 The source of all my bitter teares,
 is altogether drye.
 Absence so pynde my heart,
 which on thy presence fed:
 And of thy safety and thy health,
 so much I stood in dread.
 But now what is decreed
 by fatall destinie:
 I force it not, let fortune doe
 and death their worst to me;
 Full recompent am I,
 for all my passed harmes.
 In that the Gods haue granted me,
 to claspe thee in mine armes.
 The christall teares began
 to stand in Romeus eyes.
 When he vnto his Ladies wordes
 gan answer in this wise:
 Though cruell fortune be
 so much my deadly foe:

That I

cc The tragicall historie

That I see can by lively plainte,
 cause thee (faire dame) to knowe,
 How much I am by loue,
 enthalled vnto thee:
 He yet what mighty power thou hast,
 by thy desert on me.
 He tormentes that for thee
 I did ere this endure:
 Yet of this much (he will I sayne)
 I may thee well assure:
 The least of many paynes,
 which of thy absence springe
 More painefully than death it selfe
 my tender heart hath wrought
 Ere this one death had rest,
 a thousand deaths awaye
 But life prolonged was by hope,
 of this desired day.
 Which so iust rethure payes,
 of all my pasten moene:
 That I as well contented am,
 as if my selfe alone
 Did from the Ocean reigne
 vnto the Sea of Inde:
 Wherefore now let vs wipe awaye
 olde cares out of our minde:
 For as the murthered state
 is now redrest at last:
 So is it skil, bestirre our blinke
 the cursed case to cast.

Since

Since fortune of her grace
hath time and place assinde,
Where we with pleasure may content
our vncontented minde ;
In Lethe's hyde we deepe
all grieve and all annoy,
Whilst we do bath in blisse, and fill
our hungrie hearts with ioy.
And for the time to come,
let be our busie care :
So wisely to direct our loue,
as no wight else beware.
Lest enuious foes, by force
despoyle our new delight,
And vs throw backe from happy state
to more vnhappie plight.
Fayre Iuliet began
to answere what he sayde :
But forth in hast the olde nurse stept,
and so her answere stayde.
Who takes not time (quoth she)
when time well offred is,
An other time shall seeke for time,
and yet of time shall misse.
And when occasion serues,
who so doth let it slip,
Is worthe sure (if I may iudge)
of lashes with a whyp.
Wherefore, if eche of you
hath harmde the other so,

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And eache of you hath been the cause
of others wayled wo,
Lo here a field, (that shewde
a field-bed ready dight)
Where you may, if you list, in armes,
reuenge your selfe by fight.
Whereto those louers both
gan easily assent:
And to the place of milde reuenge,
With pleasant chere they went,
Where they were left alone:
the nurce is gone to rest:
How can this be: they restless lie,
ne yet they feele vnrest.
I graunt that I enuie
the blisse they liued in:
Oh that I might haue found the like,
I wish it for no sinne:
But that I might as well
with pen theyr toyes depaint,
As heretofore I haue displayde
theyr secret hidden plaint.
Of shiuering care and dyed
I haue felc many a fit:
But fortune such delight as theyr
did neuer graunt me yet.
By pprofe no certaine truth
can I unhappie write:
But what I gesse by likelyhood,
that dare I to endite.

The blindefolde Goddes, that
 with frowning face both fray,
 And from theyr seate the mighty kings
 throwes downe with headlong swaye,
 Beginneth now to turne
 to these her smiling face:
 Needes must they tast of great delight,
 so much in Fortunes grace.
 If Cupid, God of loue,
 be God of pleasant sport:
 I thinke, O Romeus, Mars himselte
 enuies thy happie sort.
 He Venus iustly might
 (as I suppose) repent,
 If in thy stead, O Iuliet,
 this pleasant time shee spent.
 Thus passe they forth the night,
 in sport, in ioly game:
 The hastines of Phœbus steedes
 in great despite they blame.
 And now the virgins sort
 hath warlike Romeus got:
 In which as yet no breache was made,
 by force of canon shot.
 And now in ease he doth
 possesse the hoped place.
 How glad was he: speake you that may
 your louers partes embrace:
 The mariage thus made by,
 and both the parties please:

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The nigh approche of dayes returne
these sely fooles diseale.
And, for they might no while
in pleasure passe theyr time,
He leasure had they much to blame
the hastie mornings crime:
With friendly kisse in armes
of her his leaue hee takes:
And eu'ry other night to come
a solemne oth he makes,
By one selfe meane, and eke
to come at one selfe home:
And so he doth till Fortune list
to sawse his sweete with sowre.
But who is he that can
his present state assure?
And say vnto himselfe, thy ioyes
shall yet a day endure.
So wauering Fortunes wheele,
her chaunges be so straunge:
And eu'ry wight y-thralled is
by fate vnto her chaunge:
Who raignes so ouer all,
that eache man hath his part:
(Although not aye perchaunce alike)
of pleasure and of smart.
For, after many ioyes,
some faile but litle paine:
And from that litle griefe they turne
to happy ioy agayne.

But other some there are,
 that liuing long in woe,
 At length they be in quiet ease,
 but long abide not so:
 Whose griefe is much increast,
 by myrth that went before:
 Because the sodaine chaunge of things
 doth make it seem the more.
 Of this vnlucky sort,
 our Romeus is one:
 For all his hap turnes to mishap,
 and all his myrth to mone.
 And toyfull Iuliet,
 an other lease must turne:
 As wont she was (her toyes bereft)
 she must begin to mooyne.
 The summer of theyr blisse,
 doth last a month or twayne:
 But winters blast with speedy foote,
 doth bring the fall agayne.
 Whom glorious Fortune erst
 had heaued to the skies,
 By enuious fortune ouer throwne
 on earth now gronelling lies.
 Shee payde theyr former griefe,
 with pleasures doubled gayne:
 But now for pleasures vsurie,
 ten folde redoubleth payne.
 The Prince could neuer cause
 whose households so agree,

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But that some sparkles of theyr wrath,
as yet remaining be.

Which lie this while rak'd vp,
in ashes pale and ded :

Till time do serue that they againe
in wasting flame may spred.

At holiest times (men say)
most haynous crimes are done :

The morow after Easter day,
the mischief new begon.

A band of Capilets
did meete, (my heart it rewes)

Within the walles, by Purfers gate,
a band of Montagewes.

The Capilets, as chiefe,
a yong man haue chose out :

Best exercisoe in feats of armes,
and noblest of the rowte :

Our Iuliers vnckles son,
that cleped was Tybalt.

He was of body tall and strong,
and of his courage hale.

They need no trumpet sounde,
to bid them giue the charge :

So lowde he cryde with strayned voice,
and mouth ouerstretched large :

Now, now, (quoth he) my frendes,
our selfe so let vs wreake,

That of this dayes reuenge, and vs,
our childzens heyyes may speake.

Now once for all, let vs
 they? swelling pride allwage:
 Let none of them escape alive:
 then he with furious rage,
 And they with him gaue charge,
 vpon they? present foes:
 And then forthwith a skymish great
 byon this fray arose.
 For lo, the Montagewes
 thought shame away to flie:
 And rather than to liue with shame,
 with praise did choole to die.
 The wordes that Tybalt vsde,
 to stir his folke to ire,
 haue in the brestes of Montagewes
 kindled a furious fyre.
 With Lyons hearts they fight,
 warely themselfe defend:
 To wound his foe, his present wit
 and force eache one doth bend.
 This furious fray is long,
 on eache side stoutly fought:
 That whether part had got the woost,
 full doubtfull were the thought.
 The noyse hereof, anon
 throughtout the towne doth flie:
 And partes are taken on eche side,
 both kindreds thether hie.
 Here one doth gaspe for breath,
 his friend bestrideth him:

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And he hath lost a hand, and he of some wound
 an other maymed limme. *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 His leg is cut, whilst he *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 strikes at an other full: *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 And whome hee would haue thrust quite out
 hath cleft his cracked skull. *(through,*
 They valiant hearts forbode *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 they foote to giue the ground: *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 With unappaled cheere they took full deepe and doubtfull wound.
 Thus foote by foote long while, *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 and shield to shield set fast: *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 One foote doth make another faint, *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 but makes him not agast: *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 And whilst this noyse is rise, *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 in eu'ry townes mans eare: *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 Eke walking with his friends, the noyse
 doth wofull Romeus heare. *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 With speedy foote he runnes, *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 vnto the fray apace: *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 With him those few that were with him
 he leadeth to the place. *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 They pitie much to see
 the slaughter made so great,
 That wethod they might stand in bloud,
 on eyther side the stræte. *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 Part friendes (sayd he) part friends,
 help friends to part the fray: *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*
 And to the rest, enough he cries,
 now time it is to stay. *guyard. 1. 1. 1.*

Gods farther wrath you stir,
beside the hurt you feele:
And with this new vpproie confounde
all this our common weale.
But they so busie are,
in sight so egar and fierce,
That through their eares his sage aduise
no leasure had to pearce.
Then lepte he in the throng,
to parte, and bare the blowes,
As well of those that were his friendes,
as of his deadly foes.
As soone as Tybalt had
our Romeus espide:
He threwe a thrust at him, that would
haue past from side to side.
But Romeus euer went,
(doubting his foes) well armde:
So that the sword (kept out by mayle)
hath nothing Romeus harmde.
Thou dost me wrong (quoth he)
for I but parte the fraye:
Not dread, but other waighety cause
my hasty hand doth stay.
Thou art the chiefe of thine,
the noblest eke thou art:
Wherefore leaue off thy malice now,
and helpe these folke to parte.
Many are hurt, some slaine,
and some are like to die:

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No, coward traytor boy (quoth he)
 straight way I minde to erre
 Whether thy sugred talke,
 and tongue so smothely filde,
 Against the force of this my sword,
 shall serue thee for a shield.
 And then at Romeus head
 a blowe he strake so hard:
 That might haue cloue him to the braine,
 but for his cunning warde.
 It was but lent to him,
 that could repay againe:
 And giue him death for interest,
 a well forborne gaine.
 Right as a forest Boze,
 that lodged in the thicke,
 Pinched with dog, or els with speare
 y-pricked to the quicke:
 His bristles stiffe vp-right
 vpon his backe doth set,
 And in his fomy mouth, his sharp
 and crooked tuskes doth whet:
 Or as a Lyon wilde
 that rampeth in his rage,
 His whelpes bereft, whose fury can
 no weaker beast allwage:
 Such seemed Romeus,
 in euery others sight:
 When he him shope, of wrong receiue
 t'auenge him selfe by fight.

Even as two thunderboltes,
throwne downe out of the skie:
That through the ayre the massy earth
and seas haue power to flie:
So met these two, and while
they chaunge a blowe or twayne:
Our Romeus thrust him through *h* throte,
and so is Tybalt slaine.
Loe, here the ende of those
that stirre a deadly strife:
Who thirsteth after others death,
himselſe hath lost his life.
The Capilets are quailde,
by Tybalts ouerthrowe:
The courage of the Montagewes
by Romeus sight doth growe.
The towneſmen waxen strong,
the Prince doth send his forces:
The fray hath ende, the Capilets
doe bring the breathles corſe,
Before the Prince: and craue,
that cruell deadly paine
May bee the guerdon of his faule,
that hath their kinsman slaine.
The Montagewes doe pleade,
their Romeus boyde of fault:
The lookers on doe ſay, the fight
begunne was by Tybalt.
The Prince doth pauſe, and then
giues ſentence in a while,

That

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That Romeus, for slaying him
Should goe into exile.
His foes would haue him hangoe,
or sterue in prison strong:
His friends doe thinke (but dare not say)
that Romeus hath wrong.
Both householdes straight are charge,
on paine of loosing life:
Their bloody weapons laide aside,
to cease the stirred strife.
This common plague is spied,
through all the towne anon:
From side to side the towne is filde,
with murmour and with moene.
For Tybals hastie death,
bewayled was of some:
Both for his skill in feats of armes,
and for in time to come,
He should (had this not chaunced) haue
bene rich, and of great powre
To helpe his friends, and serue the state:
which hope within an houre
Was wasted quite, and he
thus yelding vp his breath:
More than he holpe the towne in life,
hath harinde it by his death.
And other some bewaile,
(but Ladies most of all)
The luckles lot by Fortune's gyle,
that is so late befall,

Without his fault, unto
the scellie Romeus:
For whilst that he from native land,
shall liue exiled thus,
From heavenly beauties light,
and his wel shaped partes:
The sight of which, was wot (faire dames)
to glad your youtfull hearts,
Shall you be banisht quite:
and till he doe returne,
What hope haue you to ioy:
what hope to cease to mourne?
This Romeus was borne,
so much in heauens grace:
Of fortune, and of Nature so
belou'd, that in his face,
(Beside the heavenly bew-
ty glistering ay so bright:
And seemely grace, that wonted so
to glad the seers sight)
A certaine charme was graude,
by Natures secret Arte:
That vertue had to drawe to it,
the loue of many a heart.
So every one doth wish,
to beare a part of payne:
That he released of exile,
might straight returne againe.
But how doth mourne among
the mourners Iuliet:

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How doth she bath her brest in teares:
what deepe sighes doth she fete
How doth she teare her haire:
her wead how doth she rent:
How fares the louer, hearing of
her louters punishment:
How wayles she Tybales death,
whom she hath loued well:
Her hearty grieffe and piteous plaint,
cunning I want to tell.
For deluing deeply now
in depth of deepe dispayre,
With wretched sorowes cruell sound
she fills the empty ayre.
And to the lowest hell,
downe falles her beaute drie:
And by into the heauens haight,
her piteous plaint doth flie.
The waters and the woods,
of sighs and sobs resound:
And from the hard resounding rocks
her sorowes doe rebounde.
Eke from her teary eyne,
downe rayned many a showre:
That in the garden where she walk't,
might water hearbe and flowre.
But when at length she saw
her selfe outraged so,
Vnto her chamber straight she hie,
there ouercharge with woe,

Upon her stately bed,
her painefull parts she threw:
And in so wondrous wise began
her sorowes to renewe,
That sure no heart so hard,
(but it of flint had bin)
But would haue rude the piteous plaine
that she did languish in.
Then rapt out of her selfe,
whilst she on euery side
Did cast her restless eye, at length
the window she espide,
Through which she had with ioy
sæne Romeus many a time:
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont
for Iuliets sake to clime.
She cride, O cursed windowe,
accurst be euery pane,
Through which (alas) to one I raught
the cause of life and bane.
If by thy meane I haue
some slight delight receiue,
Or els such fading pleasure as
by Fortune straight was reaued:
Hast thou not made me pay
a tribute rigorous?
Of heaped griefe, and lasting care:
and sorowes dolorous?
That these my tender partes,
which needfull strength doe lacke,

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To beare so great vnbewdy lode,
vpon so weake a backe:
Opprest with waight of cares,
and with these sorowes rise:
At length must open to the death,
the gates of lothed life.
That so my weary spite,
may some where els vnload
His deadly lode, and free from thall
may seeke els where to be:
For pleasant quiet ease,
and for assured rest:
Which I as yet could neuer finde,
but for my more vnrest.
O Romeo, when first
we both acquainted were:
When to thy painted promises
I lent my listning eare:
Which to the brinckes you filde
with many a solemne oath:
And I them iudg'd empty of guile,
and fraughted full of troth:
I thought you rather would
continue our good will,
And seeke t'appease our fathers strife,
which daily groweth still.
I little wend you would
haue sought occasion, how
By such an heynous art to breake
the peace, and eke the bow:

Whereby your bright renowne
 all whole eclipsed is,
 And I unhappy husbandles,
 of comfort robd, and blisse.
 But if you did so much
 the bloud of Capels thirst,
 Why haue you often spared mine?
 mine might haue quencht it best:
 Since that so many times,
 and in so secret place
 Where you were wont with haste of loue
 to hide your hatreds face)
 My doubtfull life hath hap,
 by fatall doome to stand,
 In mercie of your cruel hart,
 and of your bloody hand.
 What: seemd the conquest, which
 you gote of me, so small:
 What: seemd it not enough that I
 pooze wretch, was made your thrall?
 But that you must encrease
 it with that kinsmans blood,
 Which for his worth and loue to me,
 most in my fauour stood?
 Well: go hence-forth else where,
 and seeke an other while,
 Some other as unhappy as I,
 by flattery to beguile.
 And where I come, see that
 you shunning to shew your face:

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For your excuse within my heart
shall finde no resting place.
And I that now too late
my former fault repent,
Will so the rest of weary life
with many teares lament,
That soone my ioyeles corps
shall yeld v^p banisht breath:
And where on earth it restles liu^e
in earth seeke rest by death.
These sayd, her tender heart
by paine oppressed sore
Restrained her teares, and forc'd her tong^{ue}
to keepe her talke in store.
And then as still she was,
as if in sounde she lay:
And then againe wroth with her selfe,
with feeble voyce gan say:
Ah cruel murthring tongue,
murthrer of others fame:
How durst thou once attempt to touche
the honour of his name,
Whose deadly foes do yelde
him due and parded praise:
For though his freedom be bereft
his honour not decays.
Why blamest thou Romeus,
for slaying of Tybalt,
Since he is guiltles quite of all,
and Tybalt beares the fault:

Whither shall hee (alas)
poore banisht man now sitte:
What place of succour shall he seeke
beneath the starrie skye:
Since shee pursueth him,
and him defames by wrong,
That in distresse should be his forte,
and onely rampire strong.
Receiue the recompence
O Romeus of thy wife:
Who for shee was unkinde her selfe,
doth offer by her life,
In flames of pye, in sighes,
in sorrow, and in ruth:
So to reuenge the crime shee did
commit against thy truth.
These sayd, shee could no more,
her sences all gan fayle:
And deadly pangs began straight way
her tender heart assaile.
Her limmes shee stretched forth,
she drew no more her breath:
Who had been there might well haue seene
the signes of present death:
The nurce that knew no cause
why shee absented her:
Did doubt lest that some sodaine greefe
too much tormented her
Cache where, but where shee was
the carefull Veldame sought:

The tragick historie

Last, of the chamber where she lay
she haply her bethought.

Where she with piteous eye,
her nurse-child did beholde :

Her limmes stretcht out her outward
as any marble colde. (partes,

The nurse supposde that shee
had payde to death her det :

And then as she had lost her wits,
she cride to Iuliet.

Ah my deare heart (quoth she)
how græueth me thy death :

Alas what cause hast thou, thus come
to yeld vp liuing breathe

But while she handled her,
and chafed eu'ry part,

She knew there was some sparke of life,
by beating of her hart.

So that a thousand times
she called on her name :

There is no way to helpe a traunce,
but she hath tride the same.

She opneth wide her mouth,
she stappeth close her nose :

She bendeth downe her brest, she wrings
her fingers and her toes.

And on her bosome colde,
she layeth clothes hot :

A warmed and a holosome iuyce
she powreth downe her throte.

At length doth Iuliet

heave faintly vp her eyes :

And then she stretcheth forth her arme,
and then her nurce she spies.

But when she was awak'd

from her unkindly traunce,

Why dost thou trouble me (quoth she)

what draue thee with mischaunce

To come to see my sprite,

for sake my breathles corse ?

So hench, and let me die, if thou

haue on my smart remorse.

For who would see her friend

to liue in deadly paine ?

Alas, I see my griefe begon

for euer will remayne.

Oh who would seeke to liue,

all pleasure being past :

My myrth is done, my moorning mone

for aye is like to last.

Therefore, since that there is

none other remedie,

Come gentle death, and ryue my heart

at once, and let me die.

The nurce, with crickling teares,

to witnes inward smart,

With hollow sigh fet from the depth

of her appaled hart :

Thus spake to Iuliet,

p-clad with ougly care :

The tragicall historie

Good Lady mine, I do not know
what makes you thus to fare.
Ne yet the cause of your
vnmearde heauines :
But of this one I you assure,
for care and sorowes stresse,
This howre large and more,
I thought (so God me saue)
That my ded corps should waite on yours,
to your vntimely graue.
Alas my tender nource
and trustie friend (quoth she)
Art thou so blinde, that with thine eye
thou canst not easely see
The lawfull cause I haue
to sorow and to moorne,
Since those the which I held most deere,
I haue at once forlorne :
Her nurse then answered thus :
He thinkes it fits you ill,
To fall in these extremities
that may you guiltles spill.
For when the stormes of care,
and troubles do arise :
Then is the time for men to know
the foolish from the wise.
You are accounted wise,
a foole am I your nurse :
But I see not how in like case
I could behaue me worse.

Tybalt your friend is dead :

What : weene you by your teares

To call him backe agayne : thinke you

that hee your crying heares :

You shall perceiue, the fault

(if it be iustly tride)

Of his so sodaine death, was in

his rashnes and his pride.

Would you that Romeus

himselfe had wronged so,

To suffer himselfe causeles to be

outraged of his foe :

To whom in no respect

he ought a place to giue.

Let it suffice to thee fayre dame

that Romeus doth liue.

And that there is good hope

that hee within a while,

With greater glory shall be cald

home from his hard exile.

How well y-bozne he is

thy selfe I know canst tell :

By kindred strong, and well aliue,

of all beloued well.

With patience arme thy selfe,

for though that Fortunes crime

Without your fault, to both your grâces,

depart you for a time,

I dare say, for amends

of all your present paine,

The tragicall historie

She will restore your owne to you,
within a month or twaine.
With such contented ease,
as erst you neuer had:
Wherefore reioyce a while in hope,
and be no more so sad.
And that I may discharge
your heart of beanie care,
A certaine way I haue found out,
my paynes ne will I spare,
To learne his present state,
and what in time to come
He mindes to doe: which known by me,
you shall know all and some.
But that I dread the whilst
your sorowes will you quell,
Straight would I hie, where he doth lurk,
to Fryer Lawrence cell.
But if you gin esconses
(as erst you did) to moorne,
Whereto go I: you wil be dead
Before I doe returne.
So I shall spend in waste
my time and busie paine:
So vnto you (your life once lost)
good comfort comes in vaine.
So shall I rid my selfe,
with this sharp poynted knife:
So shall you cause your parents deere
way weary of theyr life.

So shall your Romeus,
 (despising liuely breath)
 With hasty foote (before his time)
 runne to vntimely death.
 Where if you can a while,
 by reason, rage suppresser:
 I hope at my returne to bring
 the salue of your distresse.
 Now chuse to haue me here
 a partner of your payner:
 Or promise me, to fede on hope,
 till I returne againe.
 Her mistresse sendes her forth,
 and makes a graue behest:
 With reasons raine to rule the thoughts
 that rage within her brest.
 When huge heapes of harmes,
 are heapt before her eyes:
 Then vanish they by hope of scape,
 and thus the Lady lies,
 With well assured trust,
 and doubtfull lewde dispayre:
 Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts,
 now seeme they white and fayre.
 As oft in sommer tide,
 blacke clouds doe dimme the Sun:
 And straight againe in clearest skie
 his restles stædes doe run:
 So Iuliers wandring mind,
 p-clouded is with woe:

The tragicall historie

And by and by her hasty thought
the woes doth ouergoe.
But now is time to tell
whilst she was tossed thus,
What winds did driue, or hau'n did hold
her loue Romeus.
When he had slaine his foe,
that gan this deadly strife:
And saw the furious fray had end,
by ending Tybalts life:
He fled the sharpe reuenge
of those that yet did liue:
And doubting much what penall doome
the troubled Prince might giue,
He sought some where vnseene,
to lurke a little space:
And trusty Lawrence secreete cell,
he thought the surest place.
In doubtfull hap ay best
a trusty friende is tride:
The frendly Fryre in his distresse,
doth graunt his friend to hide.
A secret place he hath,
well sealed rounde about:
The mouth of which, so close is shut,
that none may finde it out.
Both roome there is to walke,
and place to sitte and rest:
Beside, a bed to sleepe vpon,
full soft and trimly drest.

The floare is planked so
with mattes, it is so warme,
That neither winde, nor smoky damps
haue powre him ought to harme.
Where he was wont in youth,
his faire friendes to bestowe:
There now he hideth Romeus,
whilst forth he goeth to know
Both what is said and done,
and what appoynted paine
Is published by trumpets sound,
then home he hies againe.
By this, vnto his cell,
the nurse with speedy pace
Was come the nearest way: she sought
no idle resting place.
The Fryre sent home the newes
of Romeus certaine health:
And promise made (what so befell)
he should that night by stetch,
Come to his wonted place,
that they in needfull wise,
Of their affaires in time to come,
might thorowly deuise.
Those ioyfull newes, the nurse
brought home with mery ioy:
And now our Iuliet ioyes to thinke
she shall her loue enioy.
The Fryre shuts fast his doore,
and then to him beneath,

The tragicall historie

That waites to heare the doubtfull newes
of life or els of death:

Thy hap, quoth he, is good,
danger of death is none:

But thou shalt live, and doe full well,
in spite of spitefull fone.

This onely payne of thes
was erst proclaimde aloud:

A banisht man: thou maist the not
within Verona shroude.

These heauy tydings hearde,
his golden lockes he tare:

And like a franticke man, hath tozned
the garmentes that he ware.

And as the smitten Deere,
in brakes is weltring found:

So weltreth he, and with his brest
doth heate the troden grounde.

He riseth oft, and strikes
his head against the wals,

He falleth downe againe, and loude
for hasty death he cals.

Come speedy death (quoth he)
the readiest leech in loue,

Since nought can els beneath the Sun
the grounde of grieve remoue:

Of lothsome life breake downe
the hated staggering stapes:

Destroy, destroy at once the life,
that faintly yet decayes.

But you (fayre dame) in whom
 Nature did deuise,
 With cunning hande to worke, that mighte
 Seeme wondrous in our eyes:
 For you I pray the Gods,
 Your pleasures to increase:
 And all mishap, with this my death,
 For euermore to cease.
 And mighty Ioue, with speede
 Of iustice bring them lowe:
 Whose lofty pride (without our guilt)
 Our blisse doth ouerblowe.
 And Cupid graunt to those,
 Their speedy wrongs redresse:
 That shall bewaile my cruell death,
 And pity her distresse.
 Therewith, a cloude of sighes
 He breathd into the skies:
 And two great streames of bitter teares,
 Ran from his swollen eyes.
 These thinges, the auncient Fryre,
 With sorrow saw, and heard:
 Of such beginning eke, the ende
 The wise man greatly feard.
 But loe, he was so weake,
 By reason of his age:
 That he ne could by force repress
 The rigour of his rage.
 His wife and friendly wordes,
 He speaketh to the ayre:

The tragicall historie

For Romeus so vexed is
with care and with dispayre,
That no aduise can pearce
his close forstopped eares:
So now the Fryre doth take his part,
in shedding ruthfull teares.
With colour pale and wan,
with armes full hard y-folde,
With woefull cheere, his wayling frenn,
he standeth to beholde.
And then our Romeus
with tender handes y-wrong:
With voyce, with plainte, made horce wit
and with a foltring tongue,
Renewde with nouel mone
the dolours of his heart:
His outward merry chere betrayde
his store of inward smart.
First, Nature did he blame,
the author of his life:
In which his ioyes had bene so scant,
and sorowes ay so rife.
The time and place of byrth
he fiercely did repproue,
He cryed out (with open mouth)
against the starres aboue.
The fatall sisters thre,
he said, had done him wrong,
The thred y should not haue bene spounne,
they had drawne forth too long.

He wished that he had
before his time bene borne:
That as soone as he wan light,
his life he had forlorne.
His nurse he cursed, and
the hand that gaue him paype:
The midwife eke with tender gripe,
that held him in her lappe.
And then did he complaine,
on Venus cruell sonne:
Who led him first vnto the rockes,
whiche he should warely shunne.
By meane whereof, he lost
both life and libertie:
And dy'd an hundred times a day,
and yet could neuer die.
Loves troubles lasten long,
the isyes he giues are short:
He forceth not a louers paine,
their earnest is his sport.
A thousand thinges and moze,
I here let passe to write:
Whiche vnto loue this wofull man,
did speake in great despite.
On Fortune eke he railde,
he calde her deafe, and blinde,
Inconstant, fonde, deceitfull, rashe,
vntruthfull, and vnkinde.
And to himselfe he laide,
a great part of the fault:

The tragicall historie

For that he slewe, and was not slaine,
in fighting with Tybalt.
He blamed all the world,
and all he did despise
But Iuliet, for whom he liu'd:
for whom eke would he die.
When after raging fits,
appeased was his rage:
And when his passions (powred forth)
gan partly to asswage:
So wisely did the Fryre,
vnto his tale replie:
That he straight cared for his life,
that erst had care to die.
Art thou (quoth he) a man?
thy shape saith so thou art:
Thy crying and thy weeping eyes
denote a womans heart.
For manly reason is
quite from thy mind outchard.
And in her stead affections lewde,
and fantasies highly plac'd.
So that, I stood in doubt
this howre (at the least)
If thou a man, or woman wert,
or els a brutish beast.
A wise man in the midst
of troubles and distresse,
Stil standes, not wayling present harme,
but seekes his harmes redresse.

As when

As when the winter flawes
with dyedfull noyse arise,
And heaue the fomy swelling waues
vp to the starry skies,
So that the bywooded barke
in cruell seas betost,

Despayreth of che happie han'n,
in daunger to be lost :

The pylate bold at helme,
cries, mates strike now pour sayle :
And turnes her stemme into the waues,
that strongly her assayle.

Then driuen harde vpon
the bare and wrackfull shore,
In greater daunger to be wract,
than he hath been befoze :

He sets his ship ful right
against the rocke to runne,
But yet he doth what ly'th in him
the perilous rocke to shunne.

Some times the beaten boate,
by cunning gouernment,
The anchors lost, the cables broke,
and all the tackle spent :

The roder snitten off,
and ouerboard the masse,
Doth win the long desired port,
the stormy daunger past.

But if the maister dread,
and ouerprest with woe,

The tragicall historie

Begin to wyng his hands, and lets
the guiding rodder goe.

The ship rents on the rocke,
or sinketh in the deepe,

And eke the coward drenched is :

So if thou still beweepe,

And seeke not how to helpe
the chaunges that do chaunce,

Thy cause of sorow shall increase,
thou cause of thy mischaunce.

Other account thee wise,

proue not thy selfe a foole :

Now put in practise lessons leard
of olde in wisdomes schoole.

The wise man sayth, beware
thou double not thy paine :

For one perhaps thou maist abide,
but hardly suffer twaine.

As wel we ought to seeke
things hurtfull to decrease,

As to endeavour helping things
by studie to increase.

The prayse of true freedome,
in wisdomes bondage lies :

He winneth blame whose deeds be fow,
although his words be wise.

Sicknes the bodie gaile,
græfe, gayle is of the minde :

If thou canst scape from heauie græfe,
true freedome shalt thou finde.

Fortune

Fortune can fill nothing
so full of heartie græfe,
But in the same a constant minde
findes solace and relæse,
Vertue is alwayes thrall
to troubles and annoy:
But wisdom in aduersitie
findes cause of quiet ioy.
And they most wretched are,
that know no wretchednes:
And after great extremicie,
mishaps aye wæren lesse.
Like as there is no weale,
but wastes away sometime:
So eu'ry kinde of wayled woe,
will weare away in time.
If thou wilt master quite
the troubles that thoe spill:
Endeuour first by reasons helpe,
to master witles will.
A sondry medicine hath
eache sondry faint disease:
But patience a common salve,
to eu'ry wound giues ease.
The world is alway full
of chaunces and of chaunge:
Wherefoze the change of chaunce must not
seeme to a wise man straunge.
For sickle Fortune doth,
in chaunging, but her kinde:

The tragicall historie

But all her chaunges cannot chaunge
a steady constant minde.
Though wauering Fortune turne
from thæ her simpling face,
And sorow sæke to set himselſe
in baniſht pleasures place :
Yet may thy marred ſtate
be mended in a while :
And thæ eſſones that frowned now,
with pleaſant chære doth ſmile.
For as her happy ſtate
no long while ſtandeth ſure :
Euen ſo the heauie plight thæ byings,
not alwayes doth endure.
What need ſo many wordes,
to thæ that art ſo wiſe ?
Thou better canſt aduiſe thy ſelſe,
than I can thæ aduiſe.
Wiſedome I ſæ is vaine,
if thus in time of neede,
A wiſe mans wit vnpactiſed
doth ſtand him in no ſteede.
I know thou haſt ſome cauſe
of ſorow and of care :
But well I wot thou haſt no cauſe
thus frantickly to fare.
Affections foggy miſt
thy ſæbled ſight doth blinde :
But if that reaſons beames againe
might ſhine into thy minde :

If thou

If thou wouldst bewee thy state,
 with an indiffrent eye :
 I think thou wouldst condemne thy plaint,
 thy sighing, and thy crie.
 With valiant hand thou madst
 thy foe to yeld by breath :
 Thou hast escapt his sword, and eke
 the lawes that threaten death.
 By thine escape, thy frends
 are fraughted full of ioy :
 And by his death thy dradly foes
 are laden with annoy.
 Wilt thou with trustie frendes
 of pleasure take some part :
 Or else to please thy hatefull foes
 be partner of theyr smart :
 Why cry'st thou out on loue :
 why dost thou blame thy fate :
 Why dost thou so cry after death :
 thy life why dost thou hate :
 Dost thou repent the choyce,
 that thou so late didst choise :
 Loue is the Lord thou oughest obay,
 and not thy Prince accuse.
 For thou hast found (thou knowst)
 great fauour in his sight :
 He graunted thee at thy request
 thy onely hearts delight.
 So that the Gods enuide
 the blisse thou liuedst in :

The tragicall historie

To giue to such vnthankfull men,
is folly and a sinne.
He chinkes I heare thee say
the cruell banishment
Is onely cause of thy vntrest:
onely thou dost lament,
That from thy native land
and friends thou must depart,
Enforc'd to flie from her that hath
the keeping of thy heart.
And so opprest with waight
of smart that thou dost feele,
Thou dost complayne of Cupids brand,
and Fortunes turning wheele.
Unto a valiant heart
there is no banishment:
All countries are his native soyle
beneath the firmament.
As to the fish, the sea :
as to the fowle the ayre :
So is like pleasant to the wise,
eache place of his repayre.
Though froward fortune chase
thee hence into exile :
With doubled honour shall thee call
thee home within a while.
Admit thou shouldst abide,
abroad a yeare or twaine :
Should so short absence cause so long
and eke so greuous paine :

Though

Though thou ne maist thy frends
here in Verona see :

They are not banisht Mantua
where safely thou maist bee.

Whether they may resoꝛt,
though thou resoꝛt not hether:

And there in suretie may you talke
of your affayres together.

Yea, but this while (alas)

Thy Iuliet must thou misse,
The onely piller of thy health,
and an choꝛ of thy blisse.

Thy heart thou leau'st wíth her,
when thou dost hence depart :

And in thy bꝛest inclosed bearest
her tender frendly heart.

But if thou rue so much,
to leaue the rest behinde :

Wíth thought of passed ioyes, content
thy vncontented minde.

As shall the mone decrease,
wherewith the minde doth melt,

Compared to the heau'nly ioyes,
which thou hast often felt.

He's too nice a weakeling,
that shrinketh at a showꝛe :

And he vnwoꝛthie of the swæte
that tasteth not the sowꝛe.

Call now againe to minde
thy first consuming flame :

The tragicall historie

How didst thou vainely burne in loue
of an vnloving dame.
Hadst thou not welnigh wept
quite out thy swelling eyne :
Did not thy partes foze done with paine,
languish away and pine.
Those griefes and other like
were haply euer past :
And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele,
well placed at the last.
From whence thou now art falne,
that rayled vp againe,
With greater ioy a greater while
in pleasure maist thou raigne.
Compare the present while,
with times p-past befoze :
And thinke that Fortune hath for thee
great pleasures yet in store.
The whilst, this litle wrong
receiue thou patiently :
And what of force must needes be done,
that doe thou willingly.
Foly it is to feare
that thou canst not aboyd :
And madnes to desire it much
that cannot be enioyde.
To giue to Fortune place,
not aye deserueth blame :
But skill it is according to
the times, thy selfe to frame.

Whilst to his skilfull loze,
he lent his listning eares:
His sighes are stopt, and stopped are
the conduits of his tear es.
As blackest clouds are chas'd,
by winters nimble winde:
So haue his reasons chased care,
out of his carefull minde.
As of a morning fowle,
ensues an euening fayre:
So banisht hope returneth home,
to banish his dispayre.
Now is affections vayne
remoued from his eyes:
He seeth the path that he must walke,
and reason makes him wise.
For very shame, the blood
doth flash in both his cheekes:
He thanks the father for his loze,
and farther ayde he seekes.
He sayth that skillesse youth,
for counsell is unfit:
And anger oft with hastines
are ioynd to want of wit.
But sound aduise abounds
in heades with hoarish heares:
For wisdom is by practise wonne,
and perfect made by yeares.
But aye from this time forth,
his ready bending will

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Shalbe in awe, and gouerned
by Fryre Lawrence skill.
The gouernor is now,
right carefull for his charge:
To whom he doth wisely discourse
of his affaires at large.
He telles him how he shall,
depart the towne vnkowne:
Both mindfull of his frendes safety,
and carefull of his owne.
How he shall guide himselſe,
how he shall ſeeke to winne
The frendſhip of the better ſort,
how warely to creepe in
The fauour of the Mantuan Prince:
and how he may
Appeaſe the wrath of Escalus,
and wipe the fault away.
The choller of his foes,
by gentle meanes t'allwage:
Or els by force and practiſes,
to bydle quite their rage.
And laſt he chargeth him,
at his appoynted howre,
To goe with manly mery chere,
vnto his Ladies howre.
And there with hoſesome wordes,
to ſalue her ſorowes ſmart:
And to reuiue (if nede require)
her faint and dying hart:

The old mans wordes haue filde,
 with ioy, our Romeus brest:
 And eke the olde wiues talke, hath set
 our Iuliets heart at rest.
 Whereto may I compare,
 (O louers) this your day:
 Like dayes the painfull Mariners,
 are wonted to assay.
 For, beat with tempest great,
 when they at length espie
 Some little beame of Phœbus light,
 that pearceth thzough the skie:
 To cleare the shadowde earth,
 by clearenes of his face:
 They hope that dreadlesse they shall runne,
 the remnant of their race.
 Yea, they assure them selfe,
 and quite behinde their backe
 They cast all doubt, and thanke the Gods,
 for scaping of the wracke.
 But straight the boystrous windes,
 with greater fury blowe:
 And ouer boorde the broken mast,
 the stozmy blastes doe thzowe.
 The heauens large are clad,
 with cloudes as darke as hell:
 And twise as hie, the sirfuing waues
 begin to roare, and swell.
 With greater daungers dzed,
 the men are vexed moze:

The tragicall historie

In greater perill of their life,
than they had bene before.
The golden Sun was gone
to lodge him in the west:
The full moone eke in ponder South,
had lent most men to rest:
When restless Romeus,
and restless Iuliet:
In wonted sort, by wonted meane,
in Iuliet's chamber met.
And from the windowes top,
downe hath he leaped scarce,
When she with armes out stretched wide,
so harde did him embrace,
That welnigh had the sprite
(not for'd by deadly force)
Flowne vnto death, before the time
abandoning the corse.
Thus muet stood they both,
the eight part of an houre:
And both would speake, but neither had
of speaking any powre:
But on his brest her head
doth ioyles Iuliet lay,
And on her slender necke, his chin
doth ruthfull Romeus stay.
Their scalding sighes ascende,
and by their cheekes downe fall
Their trickling teares, as chrysell cleare,
but bitter farre then gall.

Then he

Then he to ende the grieffe,
which both they liued in,
Did kisse his loue, and wisely thus
his tale he did begin.
O my Iuliet, my loue,
my onely hope and care:
To you I purpose not as now,
with length of wordes declare
The diuersnes, and eke
the accidents so straunge,
Of fraile vnconstant Fortune, that
delighteth still in chaunge.
Who in a moment heaues
her friendes vp to the height,
Of her swift turning flippe whele,
then flectes her friendship streight.
O wondrous chaunge, even with
the twinkling of an eye:
Whom erst her selfe had rashly set
in pleasaunt place so hye:
The same in great despite,
downe headlong doth she chystow:
And while she treads and spurneth at
the lofty state laid lowe,
Doze sorrow doth she shape
within an howres space,
Than pleasure in an hundred yeares:
so geyson is her grace.
The pwoof whereof in me
(alas) too plaine appeares:

The tragicall historie

Whom tenderly my carefull frendes
haue fostred with my faeres,
In prosperous high degree,
maintayned so by fate:
That (as your selfe did see) my foes
enuyde my noble state.
One thing there was, I did
about the rest desire,
To which, as to the soueraigne good,
by hope I would aspire:
That by our maryage meane,
we might within a while,
(To worke our perfect happines)
our parentes reconcile.
That safely so we might
not stopt by sturdy strife,
Unto the boundes that God hath set,
guide forth our pleasaunt life.
But now (alacke) too soone
my blisse is ouerblowne,
And vpside downe my purpose and
my enterpryse are throwne.
And driuen from my frendes,
of straungers must I craue,
(O graunt it God) from daungers dread,
that I may suretie haue.
For loe, henceforth I must,
wander to landes vnknowne:
(So hard I finde the Princes dome)
exyled from mine owne.

Which

Which thing I haue thought good,
 to set befoze your eyes:
 And to exhort you now to proue
 your selfe a woman wise.
 That patiently you beare
 my absent long abode:
 For, what aboue by fatall doomes
 decreed is, that God:
 And moze then this, to say
 it seemed he was bent:
 But Iuliet in deadly grieve,
 with blackish teares besprent,
 Brake off his tale begunne:
 and whilst his speech he stayde,
 These selfe same wordes, or like to these,
 with deerey chere shee saide.
 Why Romeus, can it be,
 thou hast so hard a hart?
 So farre remou'd from ruth: so farre
 from thinking on my smart:
 To leaue me thus alone?
 (thou cause of my distresse)
 Beseged with so great a campe,
 of moztall wretchednesse,
 That euery howze now,
 and moment in a day,
 A thousand times death bragges, as he
 would reauue my life away.
 Yet such is my mishap,
 (O cruell destinie)

That

The tragicall historie

That still I liue, and wish for death,
but yet can neuer die:
So that iust cause I haue,
to thinke (as seemeth me)
That frowarde Fortune did of late,
with cruell death agree
To lengthen lothed life,
to pleasure in my paine,
And triumph in my harme, as in
the greatest hoped gaine.
And thou the instrument
of Fortunes cruell will,
Without whose ayde she can no way,
her tyrans lust fulfill:
Art not a whit ashamde,
(as farre as I can see)
To cast me off, when thou hast culd
the better part of me.
Whereby (alas) too soone,
I seely wretch doe proue,
That all the auncient sacred lawes,
of friendship and of loue
Are queld and quenched quite:
since he on whom alway,
My chiefe hope, and my steady trust,
was wonted still to stay:
For whom I am become,
vnto my selfe a foe,
Disbaineth me his steadfast friend,
and scornes my friendship so.

Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst
of two things chouse the one:
Either to see thy cast-away
as soone as thou art gone,
Or long to throw her selfe
downe from the windowes haight,
And so to breake her slender necke,
with all the bodie's waight:
Or suffer her to be
companion of thy paine:
Wherefo thou goe (fortune thæ guide)
till thou returne agayne.
So wholly into thine
transformed is my heart:
That eu'n as oft as I do thinke,
that you and I shall part:
So oft (me thinks) my life
withdrawes it selfe away,
Which I retaine, to no end else,
but to the end I may
In spite of all thy foes
thy present partes enjoy,
And in distresse to beare with thee
the halfe of thine annoy.
Wherefoze in humble sort
(Romeus) I make request,
If ever tender pitie yet
were lodgde in gentle brest,
let it now haue place,
to rest within my hart:

The tragicall historie

Receiue me as thy seruant, and
the fellow of thy smart.
Thy absence is my death,
thy sight shall giue my life:
But if perhaps thou stand in dyes
to leade me as a wife,
Art thou all counselllesse?
canst thou no way deuise?
What letteth but in other wæde
I may my selfe disguise?
What, shall I be the first?
hath none done so ere this,
To scape the daunger of theyr friends?
thy selfe canst answere yes.
O? dost thou stand in doubt,
that I thy wife ne can
By seruice pleasure thee as much
as may thy hyred man?
O? is my loyaltie
of both accounted lesse?
Perhaps thou fearst lest I for gaine,
forsake thee in distresse.
What, hath my beautie now
no powre at all on you?
Whose highnes, force, and praise sometime,
vp to the skies you blewe?
By teares, my friendship, and
my pleasures done of olde,
Shall they be quite forgot in dedde?
When Romeus did beholde

The wilkenes of her looke,
her colour pale and ded :
The worst of all that might betide
to her, he gan to dzed.
And once againe he did
in armes his Iuliet take :
And kist her with a louing kisse,
and thus to her he spake.
O Iuliet (quoth he)
the maistrisse of my heart,
for whom (eu'n now) thy seruant doth
abide in deadly smart :
Eu'n for the happie dayes
which thou desir'st to see,
And for the seruient friendships sake
that thou dost owe to me:
As once these fancies baine
out of thy minde roote out :
Except perhaps vnto thy blame
thou fondly go about
To hasten forth my death,
and to thine owne to ronne :
Which Natures lawe, and wisdoms loze
teache eu'ry man to shunne.
For but thou chaunge thy minde,
I do foretell the ende:
Thou shalt vndoo thy selfe for aye,
and me thy trustie frende.
For why, thy absence knowne,
thy father will be wroth,

The tragicall historie

And in his rage so narrowly compassed
he will pursue vs both :
That we shall trie in vaine
to scape away by flight :
And vainely seeke a looking place,
to hide vs from his sight.
Then we found out and caught,
quite voyde of strong defence,
Shall cruelly be punished
for thy departure hence.
I, as a rauishor,
thou, as a careless childe,
I, as a man that doth defile,
thou as a mayde defilde.
Thinking to leade in ease,
a long contented life,
Shall shor't our dayes by shamefull death.
But if (my louing wife)
Thou banish from thy minde,
two foes that counsell hath,
That wont to hinder sound aduise,
rash hastines and wzach :
If thou be bent to be
the loze of reasons skill,
And wisely by her princely powre
suppresse rebelling will :
If thou our safetie seeke,
more then thine owne delight,
Since suretie stands in parting, and
thy pleasures grow of sight :

Forbear the cause of ioy,
and suffer for a while:
So shall I safely liue abrode,
and safe turne from exile.
So shall no slaunders blot,
thy spotles life distaine:
So shall thy kinsmen be vnstir'd,
and I exempt from paine.
And thinke thou not that aye
the cause of care shall last:
The stormy broils that ouerblow,
much like a winters blast.
For Fortune chaungeeth more
than fickle fantasie:
In nothing Fortune constant is,
saue in vnconstancie.
Her halbie running wheele,
is of a restless course,
That turnes the clymers headlong down,
from better to the woorse.
And those that are beneath,
she heaueth vp againe:
So we shall rise to pleasures mount,
out if the pit of paine.
See foure months ouerpasse,
such order will I take
And by my letters and my friends
succ meanes I minde to make,
That of my wandring race
ended shall be the toyle:

The tragicall historie

And I cald home with honour great
vnto my native soyle.
But if I be condemn'd
to wander still in thral,
I will returne to you mine owne,
befall what may befall.
And then by strength of scends,
and with a mighty hand,
From Verone I will carie thee,
into a forayne land.
Not in mans webe disguis'd,
or as one scarcely knowne:
But as my wife and onely fere,
in garment of thine owne.
Wherefore, repressse at once
the passions of thy hart:
And where there is no cause of græfe,
cause hope to heale thy smart.
For of this one thing thou
maist well assured be:
That nothing else but onely death
shall sunder mee from thee.
The reasons that he made,
did seeme of so great waight,
And had with her such force, that she
to him gan answere straight:
Deare sy, naught els with I,
but to obey your will:
But sure whereso you go, your heart
with me shall carrie still

As signe and certaine pledge,
till heere I shall you see,
Of all the powre that ouer you
your selfe did graunt to mee.
And in his stead take mine,
the gage of my good will :
One promise craue I at your hand,
that graunt me to fulfill.
Faile not to let me haue,
at Fryer Laurence hand,
The tidings of your health, and how
your doubtfull case shall stand.
And all the weary while,
that you shall spend abroade,
Cause me from time to time to know
the place of your abode.
His eyes did gush out teares,
a sigh brake from his brest,
When he did graunt, and with an oth
did vow to keepe the best.
Thus these two louers passe
away the weary night
In paine and plaint, not (as they wont)
in pleasure and delight.
But now somewhat too soone
in farthest East arose
Payze Lucifer the golden starre
that Lady Venus chose.
Whose course appoynted is,
with speedy race to runne,

The tragicall historie

A messenger of dawning day,
 and of the rising sunne.
 Then fresh Aurora, with
 her pale an siluer glade
 Did cleare the skies, and from the earth
 had chased ougly shade,
 When thou ne lookest wide,
 ne closely dost thou winke,
 When Phcebus from our hemysphere,
 in westerne waue doth sinke:
 What colour then the heauens
 do shew vnto thine eyes:
 The same, (or like) saw Romeus,
 in farthest Easterne skies.
 As yet, he saw no day,
 ne could he call it night:
 With equall force decreasing darke
 fought with increasing light.
 Then Romeus in armes
 his Lady ganto folde,
 With frendly kisse: and richfully
 she gan her Knight beholde.
 With solemne oth they both
 theyr sorowfull leaue do take:
 They sweare no stormie troubles
 theyr steady friendship shake.
 Then carefull Romeus
 againe to cell retournes:
 And in her chamber secretly
 our toyles Iuliet incoynes,

Now hugy cloudes of care,
of sorrow and of dread:
The clearenes of their gladsome hearts
hath wholly ouer spread,
When golden crested Phoebe
doth boast himselfe in skie:
And vnder earth, to scape reuenge,
his deadly foe doth flie:
Then hath these louers day
an ende, their night begunne:
For eche of them to other is,
as to the world the Sunne.
The dawning they shall see,
ne sommer any moze:
But blackfac'd night with winter rough,
ah beaten ouer foze.
The weary watch discharg'd,
did hie them home to slæpe:
The warders and the scouts were charg'd
their place and course to keepe.
And Veron gates awide,
the porters had set open:
When Romeus had of his affairs
with Fryr Lawrence spoken.
Sorely he walketh forth,
unknowne of frend or foe:
Clad like a merchant venterer,
from top euen to the toe.
He spurd apace, and came
withouten stop or stay,

The tragicall historie

To Mantua gates, where lighted downe
he sent his man away,
With wordes of comfort, to
his old afflicted syre:
And straight in minde to sojourne there;
a lodging doth he hire.
And with the nobler sort
he doth himselfe acquaint,
And of his open wrong receiv'd,
the Duke doth heare his plaint.
He practiseth by frendes,
for pardon of exyle:
The whilst, he seeketh every way,
his sorrowes to beguile.
But who forgets the cole
that burneth in his brest?
Alas, his cares denie his hart
the swete desired rest.
No time findes he of myght,
he findes no place of ioy:
But every thing occasion giues,
of sorrow and annoy.
For when in turning skies,
the heauens lampes are light:
And from the other hemysphere,
faire Phcebus chaseth night:
When euery man and beaſt,
hath rest from painefull toyle,
Then in the brest of Romeus,
his passions gin to boyle.

Then doth he wet with teares
the couch whereon he lyes,
And then his sighes the chamber fills,
and out aloud he cries
Against the restless starres,
in rolling skies that raunge?
Against the fatall sisters thre,
and Fortune full of chaunge.
Each night a thousand times
he calleth for the day:
He thinketh Titans restless stades,
of restines to stay.
O that at length they haue
some baiting place found out,
O (guided ill) haue lost their way,
and wandzed farre about.
While thus in idle thought
the weary time he spendeth,
The night hath ende, but not with night
the plaint of night he endeth.
Is he accompanye?
Is he in place alone?
In company he wayles his harme,
apart he maketh mone.
For if his faeres reioyce,
what cause hath he to ioy?
What wanteth still his chiefe delight,
while they their loues enioy?
But if with heanie cheere,
they shew their inward griefe:

The tragicall historie

He wailleth most his wretchednelle,
that is of wretches chiefe.
When he doth heare abroade,
the praise of Ladies blowne:
Within his thought he scorneth them,
and doth preferre his owne.
When pleasaunt songes he heares,
whiles other doe reioyce:
The melody of musicke doth
stirre by his mourning voyce.
But if in secret place,
he walke some where alone:
The place it selfe and secretnes
redoubleth all his moone.
Then speakes he to the beasts,
to fethered fowles and trees:
Unto the earth, the clouds, and to
what so beside he sees.
To them he shewes his smart,
as though they reason had:
Eche thing may cause his beauties,
but nought can make him glad.
And wearie of the day,
again he calleth night:
The Sunne he curseth, and the bowes
when first his eye sawe light.
And as the night and day,
their course doe enter chaunge:
So doth our Romeus nightlike cares,
for cares of day, exchange.

In absence of her Knight,
the Ladie no way could
keepe truce betwene her griefes and her,
though nere so faine she would.
And though with greater payne
she clokod sozrowes smart:
Yet did her paled face disclose
the passions of her hart.
Her sighing euery howre,
her weeping euery where,
Her rechles heed of meate, of sleepe,
and wearing of her geare,
The carefull mother markes.
then of her health afayde,
Because her griefes increased still,
thus to her childe she sayde.
Dere daughter, if you should
long languish in this sort:
I stand in doubt that ouersone
your sozrowes will make short
Your louing fathers life,
and mine, that loue you more
than our owne proper bzeath, and life.
Bidle henceforth therefore
Your griefe, and payne your selfe
on ioy your thought to set:
For time it is that now you should
our Tybals death forget.
Of whom, since God hath claimde
the life, that was but lent:

The tragicall historie

He is in blisse, ne is there cause
why you should so lament:

You cannot call him backe
with teares and strikinges thrills:

It is a fault thus for to grudge
at Gods appointed will.

The seely soule had now
no longer powre to sayne:

Ne longer could she hide her harme,
but answerde thus againe.

With heauy broken sighes,
with visage pale and ded:

Madame, the last of Tybalts teares,
a great while since I shed:

Whose spring hath bene ere this
so laded out by me,

That empty quite and moystureles,
I gesse it now to be.

So that my payned heart
by conduites of the eyne,

No more henceforth(as wont it was)
shal gush forth dropping brine.

The wofull mother knew
not, what her daughter ment:

And loth to vex her childe by wordes,
her peace she warely hent.

But when from howre to howre,
from morrow to the morrow,

Still more and more she saw increase
her daughters wonted sorrow:

All meanes she sought of her,
and household folke, to know
The certaine roote, whereon her griefe
and booteles mone doth growe.

But loe, she hath in vaine
her time, and laboꝝ loze:
wherefoze without all measure, is
her heart toymented soze.

And sith her selfe could not
finde out the cause of care:
she thought it good to tell the syze,
how ill his childe did fare.

And when she saw her time,
thus to her fære she saide:

Sonne, if you marke our daughter well,
the countenance of the mayde:

How how she fareth, since
that Tybalt vnto death,
(before his time, forc'd by his foe)
did yeld his liuing breath:

Her face shall seeme so chaunge,
her doings eke so straunge:

What yeu wil greatly wonder at
so great and sodaine chaunge.

How shely she forbears
her meat, her drinke, and slepe,
But now she tendeth nothing els
but to lament and wepe.

Her greater toy hath she,
nothing contentes her heart

The tragicall historie
So much, as in her chamber, close
to shut her selfe apart
Where she doth so torment
her poore afflicted minde,
That much in daunger standes her life,
except some helpe we finde.
But (out alas) I see
not how it may be founde:
Unlesse that first we might finde whence
her sorowes thus abounde.
For though with busie care,
I haue imployde my wit,
And vsed all the wayes I knew,
to learne the truth of it:
Neither extremitie,
ne gentell meanes could boote:
She hideth close within her brest
her secret sorowes roote.
This was my first conceit,
that all her ruth arose
Out of her cousin Tybalts death,
late slaine of deadly foes.
But now my heart doth hold
a new repugnant thought:
Some greater thing, not Tybalts death,
this chaunge in her hath wrought.
Her selfe assured me,
that many dayes agoe:
She shed the last of Tybalts teares,
which word amas'd me so:

That I then could not gesse
what things else might her græue.
But now at length I haue bethought
me, and I do belæue

The only crop and roote
of all my daughters paine,
Is grudging enuies saine disease,
Perhaps she doth disdain

To see in wedlocke yoke
so many of her særes,
Whilst onely she vnmarried
doth loose so many yæres.

And moze perchaunce she thinks
you minde to keepe her so :

Wherfore despairing doth she weare
her selfe away with wo.

Therefore (deare sy) in time,
take on your daughter ruth :
For why, a brittle thing is glasse,
and fraile is fraylesse youth.

Give her at once to some,
in linke of marriage,
That may be fit for your degre,
and much about her age.

And shall you banish care,
out of your daughters brest :
As we her parents, in our age
shall liue in quiet rest.

Whereto gan easilie
her husband to agre :

The tragicall historie

And to the mothers skilfull talke,
thus straight way answerde hee.
Oft haue I thought (deare wife)
of all these things ere this :
But euermore my minde me gaue
it should not be amisse
By farther leysure had
a husband to prouide.
Scarce saw she yet ful xvi. yeres,
too yong to be a byrde.
But since her state doth stande,
on termes so perillous,
And that a mayden daughter is
a treasure daungerous :
With so great speede I will
endeuour to procure
A husband for our daughter yong,
her sicknes faint to cure,
That you shall rest content,
(so warily will I chosse)
And shee recouer sone enough
the time she seemes to loose.
The whilst, seeke you to learne,
if she in any part,
Already hath (vnware to vs)
fixed her frendly hart.
Lest we haue more respect
to honour and to wealth,
Than to our daughters quiet life,
and to her happie health.

Whom I do holde as deare
as th'apple of mine eye,
And rather wish in poore estate,
and daughterles to die :
Than leaue my goods and her
p. thrald to such a one,
Whose chozlish dealing (I once dead)
should be her cause of mone.

This pleasant answere heard,
the Lady parts againe :
And Capilet the maydens sire,
within a day or twaine,
Conferreth with his frends
for mariage of his daughter :
And many gentlemen there were,
with busie care that sought her.

Both for this mayden was
well shaped, yong, and fayre,
As also well brought vp, and wise,
her fathers onely heyre.

Among the rest was one
inflamde with her desire,
Who Counte Paris cleped was,
an Earle he had to sire.

Of all the suters, him
the father liked best :
And easily vnto the Earle
he maketh his behest,
Both of his owne good will,
and of his frendly ayde,

The tragicall historie

To winne his wife vnto his will,
and to perswad the mayde.
The wife did ioy, to heare
the ioyfull husband say,
How happy and how meet a matche
he had found out that day.
He did she seeke to hide
her ioyes within her heart :
But straight she hies to Iuliet,
to her she telles a part,
What happy talke (by meane
of her) was past no rather,
Betwene the wooing Paris, and
her carefull louing father.
The person of the man,
the fewters of his face,
His youthfull yeares, his fayrenes, and
his port and seemly grace,
With curious words she paints,
before her daughters eyes:
And then with store of vertues praise,
she heaues him to the skies.
She vaunts his race, and gifte s,
that Fortune did him giue :
Whereby she sayth, both she & hers,
in great delight shall liue.
When Iuliet conceiu'd
her parents whole intent,
Where to both loue and reasons right
forbode her to assent.

With in her selfe she thought,
rather than be forsworne,
With horses wilde e her tender parts
in peeces should be torne.
Not now with bashfull brow
(in wonted wise) she spake:
But with unwonted boldnes, straights
into these words she brake.
O adame, I meruaile much,
that you so laualle are
Of me your childe (your iewell once,
your onely ioy and care,)
As thus to yeeld me vp,
at pleasure of an other,
Before you know if I do like,
or else mislike my loue.
Do what you list, but yet
of this assure you still:
If you do as you say you will,
I yeeld not there-vntill.
For, had I choice of twaine,
far rather would I choose,
My part of all your goods, and eke
my breath and life to loose,
Than graunt that he possesse
of me the smallest part:
For, if I weary of my painfull life,
my cares shall kill my hart.
For will I perce my brest,
With sharp and bloudie knife:

The tragicall historie

And you my mother shall become
the murdresse of my life,
In giuing me to him,
whom I ne can, ne may,
He ought to loue. Wherefore on knees
deare mother I you pray
To let me liue henceforth,
as I haue liu'd tofore :
Cease all your troubles for my sake,
and care for me no more.
But suffer Fortune fierce
to worke on me her will :
In her it ly'ch to do me boote,
in her it ly'ch to spill.
For whilst you for the best,
desire to place me so :
You haste away my lingring death,
and double all my wo.
So deepe this answere made
the sorowes downe to sinke
Into the mothers brest, that she
ne knoweth what to thinke
Of these her daughters words,
but all appald she standes :
And vp vnto the heau'ns she throwes
her wondring head and handes.
And nigh beside her selfe,
her husband hath she sought :
She telles him all, she ne forgets,
nor yet she hideth ought.

The tekkie old-man wroth,
disdainfull out of measure,
sends forth his folks in haste for her,
and bids them take no leasure.

He on her teares or plaint,
at all to haue remoyse:

But if they cannot with her will.
to bring the maide perforce.

The message heard, thy part,
to fetch that they must fet:

And willingly with them walkes forth
obedient Iuliet.

Arrived in the place,

when she her father saw,

Of whome (as much as dutie would)
the daughter stode in awe:

The seruants sent away,

(the mother thought it mate)

The wofull daughter all bewept,
fell groueling at his fete.

Which she doth wash with teares,
as she thus groueling lyes:

So fast, and eke so plenteously
distill they from her eyes.

When she to call for grace:

her mouth doth thinke to open,

But she is: for sighes and sobs
her fearfull talke haue broken.

The fire, whose swelling wroth
her teares could not allwage,

The tragicall historie

With fiery eyne, and skarlet chakes,
thus spake he in his rage.

Whilst ruthfully stood by
the maydens mother milde:

Listen (quoth he) vnthankfull and
thou disobedient childe.

Hast thou so soone let slip
out of thy minde the worde,

That thou so often times hast heard
rehearsed at my boorde?

How much the Romaine youth
of parents stood in awe:

And eke what powre vpon theyr saide
the parents had by lawe?

Whom they not onely might
pledge, alienate, and sell,

(When so they stood in need) but more,
if children did rebell,

The parents had the powre
of life and sodaine death.

What if those good men should againe
receiue the liuing bꝛeth?

In how straight bonds would they
thy stubberne body binde?

What weapons would they seeke for thee
what torments would they finde,

To chasten (if they saw)
the lewdenes of thy life,

Thy great vnthankfulness to me,
and shamefull sturdie strife &

Such care thy mother had,
so deere thou wert to me:
That I with long and earnest sute,
prouided haue for thee
One of the greatest Lordes,
that woonts about this towne:
And for his many vertues sake,
a man of great renowne,
Of whom both thou and I,
vnworthie are too much,
So rich ere long he shalbe left,
his fathers wealth is such:
Such is the noblenes,
and honoz of the race,
from whence his father came: and yet
thou playest in this case
The daintie foole, and stubbozne
gyllie, for want of skill,
Thou dost refuse thy offred weale,
and disobey my will.
Euen by his strength I sweare,
that first did giue me life:
And gaue me in my youth the strength
to get thee on my wife:
By wendnesday next,
thou bend as I am bent:
And at our castell calde Free Towne
thou frelie doe assent
To Counte Paris sute:
and promise to agree,

To what

The tragicall historie

To what soeuer then shall passe,
twixt him, my wife, and me:
Not onely will I giue
all that I haue away,
From thee, to those that shall me loue,
me honour and obay:
But also to so close,
and to so hard a gale,
I shall thee wed for all thy life,
that sure thou shalt not faile,
A thousand times a day
to wish for sodaine death:
And curse the day, and howre when first
thy lunges did giue thee breath.
Aduise thee well, and say
that thou art warned now:
And thinke not that I speake in sport,
or minde to breake my vowe.
For were it not that I
to County Paris gaue
My faith, which I must keepe vnfalsh,
my honour so to saue:
Ere thou goe hence, my selfe
would see thee chastned so,
That thou shouldest once for all be taught,
thy duety how to knowe.
And what reuenge of olde,
the angry spyes did finde
Against their children that rebeld,
and shewed themselke vnkinde.

These sayde, the olde man straight
is gone in hast away,
He for his daughters answere, would
the testy father stay.
And after him, his wife
doth follow out of doore:
And there they leaue their chidden childe
knœling vpon the floore.
Then she that oft had seene
the fury of her spye:
Dreading what might come of his rage,
would farther stirre his ire.
Unto her chamber she
withdrew her selfe aparte,
Where she was wonted to vnloose
the sorowes of her hart.
There did she not so much
busie her eyes in sleeping,
As ouerprest with restless thoughts
in piteous bootles weeping.
The fast falling of teares
make not her teares decrease:
He by the powring forth of plaint,
the cause of plaint doth cease.
So that to th'end the mone
and sorrow may decay:
The best is that she seeke some meane
to take the cause away.
Her weary bed betime
she wofull wight forsakes,

And to

The tragicall historie
And to saint Frauncis Church to passe
her way deuoutly takes.
The Fryre forth is calde,
she prayes him heare her shrift:
Deuotion is in so yong yeares,
a rare and precious gift.
When on her tender knees
the dainty Lady kneeles,
In minde to powre forth all the griefe,
that inwardly she feels:
With sighes and salted teares
her shiuing doth beginne:
For she of heaped sorowes hath
to speake, and not of sinne.
Her voyce with piteous plaint
was made already hoise:
And hasty sobes, when she should speake,
broke off her wordes perforce.
But (as she may) pence meale,
she powreth in his lappe:
The maryage newes, a mischiefe new,
prepared by mishappe.
Her parentes promise erst
to Counte Paris past,
Her fathers threats she telleth him,
and thus concludes at last.
Once was I wedded wel,
ne will I wed againe:
For since I knowe I may not be
the wedded wife of twayne,

For I am bound to haue
one God, one faith, one make,
My purpose is as soone as I
shall hence my iourney take:
With these two handes which ioynde
vnto the heauens I stretch,
The hasty death which I desire
vnto my selfe to reach.
This day (O Romeus)
this day thy wofull wife
shall bring the ende of all her cares,
by ending carefull life.
So my departed sprite
shall witnesse to the skie,
And eke my bloud vnto the earth
heare record how that I,
Haue kept my faith vnbroke,
Redfast vnto my frende.
When this her heauie tale was tolde,
her vow eke at an ende:
Her gasing here and there,
her fierce and staring looke
Did witnes that some lewde attempt,
her heart had vnderooke.
The great, the Fryre assonde,
and gastfully astrayde,
Least she by deede performe her word,
thus much to her he sayde.
O Lady Iuliet,
what neede the wordes you spake?

The tragicall historie

I pray you graunt me one request
for blessed Maries sake.

Measure somewhat your griefe,
hold heere a while your peace:

Whilst I bethinke me of your case,
your plaint and sorrow cease.

Such comfort will I giue
you, ere I passe from hence:

And for th'assaults of Fortunes ire,
prepare so sure defence:

So holesome salve will I
for your afflictions finde,
That you shall hence depart againe
with wel contented minde.

His wordes haue chased straight
out of her hart despayre:

Her blacke and ougly dyledfull thoughts
by hope are wahren fayre.

So Fryer Lawrence now
hath left her there alone:

And he out of the Church in haste
is to his chamber gone.

Where sundrie thoughts within
his carefull head arise:

The olde mans forslight diuers doubt
hath set before his eyes.

His conscience one while
condemns it for a sinne,

To let her take Paris to spouse,
since he himselfe had bin

The chiefest cause that she
vknowne to father and mother,
Not siue months since in that selfe place
was wedded to another.
In other while an huge
heape of daungers dyed,
His restles thought hath heaped vp
within his troubled bed.
Can of it selfe th' attempt
he iudgeth perillous,
The execution eke he deemes
so much moze daungerous,
That to a womans grace
he must himselfe commit,
That yong is, simple and vnware,
for waighety affaires vnfit.
For if she sayle in ought
the matter published,
Both she and Romeus were vndone,
himselfe eke punished.
When too and fro in minde
he diuers thoughts had cast:
Which tender pity and with ruth
his hart was wonne at last:
He thought he rather would
in hazard set his fame:
Than suffer such adultery.
Resoluing on the same,
Out of his closet straight,
he toke a little glasse:

And then

The tragicall historie

And then with double hast returnde
where wofull Iuliet was.

Whom he hath found welnigh
in traunce, scarce drawing breath,
Attending still to heare the newes
of life or else of death.

Of whom he did enquire
of the appointed day.

On wendnesday next (quoth Iuliet)
so doth my father say,

I must giue my consent:
but (as I doe remember)

The solemne day of maryage is,
the tenth day of September.

Deere daughter (quoth the Fryre)
of good chære see thou be:

For loe, S. Frauncis of his grace
hath shewde a way to me,

By which I may both thee,
and Romeus together,

Out of the bondage which you feare
assuredly deliuer.

Euen from the holy font
thy husband haue I knowne:

And since he grew in yeares, haue kept
his counsell as mine owne.

For from his pouth he would
vnfold to me his hart:

And often haue I cured him,
of anguish and of smart.

I know that by desert
his frendship I haue wonne:
And I hold him as deare, as if
he were my proper sonne.
Therefore my frendly heart
can not abide, that hee
should wrongfully in ought be harinde,
if that it lay in me,
To right or to reuenge
the wrong by my aduise:
Or timely to prevent the same
in any other wise.
And sith thou art his wife,
thée am I bound to loue
For Romeus frendships sake, and sake
thy anguish to remoue,
And dreadfull torments which
thy heart besegen rownde:
Therefore, my daughter, giue good care,
vnto my counsels sounde.
Forget not what I say,
ne tell it any wight,
For to the nurse thou trustest so,
as Romeus is thy Knight.
For on this threede both hang
thy death and eke thy life,
The same or shame, his weale or woe
that chose thée to his wife.
Thou art not ignorant
because of such renowne

The tragicall historie
As eu'ry where is spred of me,
but chiefly in this towne)
That in my youtfull dapes,
abroad I traueled
Through en'ry land found out by men,
by men inhabited:
So twentie yeares from home,
in lands vnknoone, a guest,
I neuer gaue my weary limmes
long time to quiet rest.
But in the desert woodes,
to beastes of cruell kinde
Or on the seas to drenching waues
at pleasure of the winde,
I haue committed them
to ruth of rowers hand,
And to a thousand daungers more,
by water and by land.
But not in vaine (my childe)
hath all my wandring bin.
Beside the great contentednes
my sprite abideth in,
That by the pleasant thought
of passed things doth grow,
One priuat fruit more haue I pluck'd,
which thou shalt shortly know.
What force the stones, the plants,
and metals haue to wooke,
And diuers other things that in
the bowels of earth do looke,

With care I haue sought out,
with paine I did them proue:
With them eke can I helpe my selfe,
at times of my behoue.
(Although the science be
against the lawes of men)
When sodaine daunger forceth me,
but yet most chiefly when
The worke to do is least
displeasing vnto God:
Not helping to do any sinne,
that wreckfull loue forbode.
For, since in life no hope
of long abode I haue,
But now am come vnto the brink
of my appoynted graue:
And that my death drawes nere
whose stripe I may not shonne,
But shall be calde to make account
of all that I haue donne:
Now ought I from hence-foorth
more deeply print in minde
The iudgement of the Lorde, than when
youthes follie made me blinde:
When loue and fond desire
were boyling in my brest,
Whence hope & dreed by striding thoughts,
had banisht frendly rest.
Now therefore (daughtert) that
with other gifts which I

The tragickall historie

Haue well attayned to by grace
and vertue of the skie,
Long since I did finde out,
and yet the way I know
Of certaine rootes and sauory herbes
to make a kinde of dowe,
Which baked hard, and bet
into a powder fine,
And dronke with conduite water, or
with any kinde of wine.
It doth in halfe an houre
astone the taker so,
And mastreth all his sences, that
he feeleth weale nor wo.
And so it burpeth by
the sprite and liuing breath,
That eu'n the skilfull leche would say,
that he is flaine by death.
One vertue more it hath,
as meruailous as this,
The taker by receiuing it
at all not graued is.
But painelesse, as a man
that thinketh nought at all,
Into a swete and quiet sleepe
immediatly doth fall.
From which (according to
the quantitie he taketh :
Longer or shorter is the time
before the sleeper waketh.

And thence (the effect once wrought)
again it doth restore

Him that receiue vnto the state
wherein he was before.

Wherefore make well the ende
of this my tale begonne :

And thereby learne what is by thee
hereafter to be donne.

Cast off from thee at once
the weede of womannish dread :

With manly courage arme thy selfe,
from hæle vnto thy heade.

For onely on the feare

or boldnes of thy brest,

The happie hap or ill mishap
of thy assaye doth rest.

Receiue this vial small,

and keepe it as thine eye :

And on the mariage day before

the sunne do clear the skie,

And with water full

up to the very brim,

When drinke it of : and thou shalt feele

through out each vaine and lim

A pleasant slumber slide,

and quite dispyed at length

In all the parts, from eu'ry part

reue all thy kindly strength.

Withouten mouing thus

thy idle parts shall rest :

The tragicall historie

No pulse shall go, ne heart once heate,
within thy hollow brest.

But thou shalt lie as she
that lyeth in a trance:

Thy kinsmen and thy trustie friends
shall wayle the sodaine chaunce.

Thy corps then will they bring
to graue, in this Church-parke,

Where thy forefathers long ago
a costly tombe prepared,

Both for them-selues, and eke
for those that shall come after:

Both deepe it is, and long, and large,
where thou shalt rest, my daughter,

Till I to Mantua send
for Romeus thy Knight:

Out of the tombe both he and I
will take thee forth that night.

And when out of thy sleepe
thou shalt awake againe,

Then maist thou go with him from hence,
and healed of thy paine

In Mantua leade with him,
vnknowne, a pleasaunt life:

And yet perhaps in time to come,
when cease shall all the strife,

And that the peace is made
twixt Romeus and his foes,

My selfe may finde so fit a time
these secrets to disclose,

Both to my praise, and to
thy tender parents ioy:
That daungerles without reproche,
thou shalt thy loue enioy.

When of his skillfull tale
the Fryze had made an end,
To which our Iuliet so well
her eare and wits did bend,
That she hath heard it all,
and hath forgotten nought,
Her fainting hart was comforted,
with hope and pleasant thought.

And then to him she sayd:
doubt not but that I will
With stout and vnappaled heart,
your happie best fulfill,

Yea, if I wist it were
a venimous deadly drinke:
Rather would I that through my throte
the certaine bane should sinke,
Than I (not drinking it)
into his hand should fall,
That hath no part of me as yet,
ne ought to haue at all.

Much more I ought with bolde
and with a willing heart,
To gretest danger yeld my selfe,
and to the deadly smart,
To come to him, on whome
my life doth wholly stay,

The tragicall historie

That is my onely hearts delight,
and so he shall be aye.

Then goe my childe (quoth he)

I pray that God on hye
Direct thy foote, and by thy hand
vpon the way thee gye.

God graunt he so confirme
in the thy present will,

That no inconstant toy the lett,
thy purpose to fulfill.

A thousand thanks and more
our Iuliet gaue the fryre :

And homeward to her fathers house,
ioyfull she doth retire.

And as with stately gate
she passed through the stræte,

She saw her mother in the doore,
that there would with her mæte.

In minde to aske if she
her purpose yet did holde :

In minde also a part twixt them,
her dutie to haue tolde.

Wherefore, with pleasant face,
and with vnwonted cheere,

As soone as she was vnto her
somewhat approached nære,

Before the mother spake,
thus did she first begunne :

Madam. at S. Frauncis Church
this morning haue I been :

Where I did make abode,
a longer while(per case)
Than duety would, yet haue I not
beene absent from this place,
So long a while, without
a great and iust cause why.
This fruite haue I receiued there,
my hart erst like to die,
Is now reuin'd againe:
and my afflicted brest
Released from affliction,
restored is to rest.
For lo, my troubled ghost,
(alas to soze diseasde)
By ghostly counsell and aduise,
hath Fryre Laurence easde.
To whom I did at large
discourse my former life,
And in confession did I tell
of all our passed strife.
Of Counte Paris sute,
and how my Lord and syre,
By my vngate and stubboyme strife,
I stirred vnto yre.
But lo, the holy Fryre
hath by his ghostly loze
Made me another woman now,
than I had beene before.
By strength of argumentes
he charged so my minde:

The tragicall historie

That(though I sought)no sure defence
my serching thought could finde.
So forc'd I was at length
to yeld by witles will,
And promist to be ordered by
the Fryers pꝛaysed skill.
Wherefore albeit I
had rashly long before,
The bed and rytes of maryage,
for many yeres forswore:
Yet mother now behold,
your daughter at your will,
Ready(if you commaund her ough)
your pleasure to fulfill.
Wherefore in humble wise
deere Madame I you pray,
To goe vnto my Lord and sꝛe,
withouten long delay:
Of him first pardon craue
of faultes already past,
And shew him (if it pleasech you)
his child is now at last
Obedient to his last,
and to his skilfull best:
And that I wil(God lending life)
on wensday next be prest,
To waite on him and you,
vnto th'appoynted place:
Where I wil in your hearing and
before my fathers face,

Unto the Counte giue
my faith and whole assent,
To take him for my lord and spouse,
thus fully am I bent,
And that out of your minde
I may remove all doubt,
Unto my closet fare I now,
to searche and to choose out
The brauest garments and
the richest iewels there,
Which (better him to please) I minde
on wensday next to weare,
For if I dip excell
the famous Grecian rape,
Yet might attyre helpe to amende
my bewty and my shape.
The simple mother was
rapt into great delight,
Not halfe a worde could she bring forth,
but in this ioyfull plight:
With nimble foote she ran,
and with untwonted pace
Unto her pensine husband: and
to him with pleasant face
she tolde what she had heard,
and prayseth much the Fryre,
And ioyfull teares ran downe the cheekes
of this gray headed syre.
Which handes and eyes heau'd vp,
he thankes God in his hart:

The tragicall historie

And then he sayth, this is not (wile)
the Fryers first desert.

Oft hath he shewde to vs,
great friendship heretofore:

By helping vs at needfull times,
with wisdomes precious lore.

In all our common weale,
scarce one is to be founde:

But is for some good turne vnto
this holy fathers bounde.

O that the third part of
my goods (I doe not sayne)

But twenty of his passed yeares
might purchase him againe.

So much in recompence
of frendship would I giue:

So much (in faith) his extreme age
my frendly heart doth grieue.

These saide, the glad olde man
from home go'th straight abode:

And to the stately Palace hy'th,
where Paris made abode.

Whom he desires to be
on wendnesday next his guest:

At Free Towne, where he minded to make
for him a costly feast.

But loe, the Earle saith
such feasting were but lost:

And counsels him till maryage time
to spare so great a cost.

For then he knoweth well,
the charges wilbe great:
The whilst his heart desireth still
her sight, and not his meate.
He craues of Capylet,
that he may straight goe see
Iuliet, whereto he doth
right willingly agree.
The mother warnde before,
her daughter doth prepare:
She warneth and she chargeth her
that in no wise she spare
her curteous speech, her pleasant
lookes, and comely graces
But liberally to giue them forth
when Paris comes in place.
Which she as cunningly
could set forth to the shewe,
As cunning craftesmen to the sale
do set their wares on rew:
That ere the Counte did
out of her sight depart:
She secretly vnwares to him,
do steele away his heart,
That of his life and death
the wylie wench hath powre:
And now his longing heart thinks long
for the appointed howre.
And with impoꝛtune sute,
the parentes doth he pray,

The tragicall historie

The wedlocke knot to knit soone by,
and hast the marpage day.

The woer hath past forth
the first day in this sort:

And many other moze than this,
in pleasure and disport.

At length the wished time
of long hoped delight,

(As Paris thought) drew nere, but nere
approched heauy plight.

Against the bydall day
the parents did prepare

Such rich attyre, and furniture,
Such store of dayntie fare:

That they which did beholde
the same the night befoze,

Did thinke and say, a man could scarce-
ly wish for any moze.

Nothing did seeme too deere,
the dearest thinges were bought:

And (as the written story saith)
in deede there wanted nought

That long'd to his degree
and honoz of his stocke.

But Iuliet the whilst her thoughts
within her brest did lorke.

Eu'n from the trusty nurse,
whose secretnes was tryde,

The secret counsell of her heart

The nurse-childe seekes to hide.

For ſuch to mocke her dame

ſhe did not ſticke to lie,

She thought no ſhame with ſhew of truth,
to bleare the nurſes eye.

In chamber ſecretly

the tale ſhe gan renew:

That at the doore ſhe tolde her dame
as though it had beene true.

The flattr'ing nurſe did praiſe
the Fryer for his ſkill:

And ſaid that ſhe had done right well
by wit to order will.

ſhe ſetteth forth at large

the fathers furious rage:

And eke ſhe prayſeth much to her
the ſecond maryage.

And Counte Paris now

ſhe praiſeth ten times more

By wrong, than ſhe her ſelfe by right,
had Romeus praiſ'd befoze.

Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill,

Romeus ſhall not retorne:

What ſhall it boote her life,

to languish ſtill and mourne.

The pleasures paſt befoze,

ſhe muſt account as gaine:

But if he doe retorne, what then?

for one ſhe ſhall haue twayne.

The one ſhall uſe her as

his lawfull wedded wiſe:

The tragicall historie

In wanton loue, with equall top
the other leade his life:
And best shall she be sped
of any townish dame,
Of husband and of paramour,
to finde her chaunge of game.
These wordes and like, the nurse
did speake, in hope to please:
But greatly did these wiked wordes
the Ladies minde disease:
But ay she hid her wꝛath,
and seamed well content:
When dayly did the naughty nurse
new arguments inuent.
But when the Bride perceiu'd
her howze approached nēre,
She sought (the best she could) to fayne,
and tempꝛed so her chēre,
That by her outward looke,
no liuing wight could gesse
Her inward woe, and yet a new
renewde is her distresse.
Unto her chamber doth
the pensiue wight repayre:
And in her hand a percher light
the nurse beares by the stayre.
In Iuliet's chamber was
her wonted vse to lye:
Wherefore her maistresse dꝛeading that
she would her worke discrye,

As soone as she began
 her pallet to vnfold,
 Thinking to lie that night, where she
 was wont to lie of olde:
 Doth gently pray her sække
 her lodging som-where else:
 And lest the craftie should suspect,
 a ready reason telles.
 Deare friend (quoth she) you know,
 to morrow is the day
 Of new contract: wherefore this night
 my purpose is to pray,
 Unto the heauenly mindes,
 that dwell aboue the skies,
 And order all the course of things
 as they can best deuise
 That they so smile vpon
 the doings of to morrow,
 That all the remnant of my life
 may be exempt from sorrow.
 Therefore I pray you, leaue
 me heere alone this night:
 But see that you to morrow come,
 before the dawning light.
 For you must coyle my hate,
 and set on my attyre.
 And easily the willing nurce
 did yelde to her desire.
 For she within her head
 did cast before no doubt,

The tragicall historie

She little knew the close attempt
her nurse-childe went about.
The nurse departed once,
the chamber doore shut close,
Assured that no living wight
her doing might disclose,
She pourreth forth into
the viall of the Frye
Water out of a silver ewre,
that on a boord stood by her.
The sleepe mixture made,
fayre Iuliet doth it hide
Under her bolster soft, and so
vnto her bed she hied:
Where diuers nouell thoughts
arise within her head,
And she is so inuironed
about with deadly dred:
That what before she had
resolu'd vndoubtedly,
The same she calleth into doubt.
And lying doubtfully,
Whilst honest loue did strue
with dread of deadly paine,
With hands y-wrong, & weeping eyes,
thus gan she to complaine.
What, is there any one
beneath the heauens hye,
So much vnforgotten as I,
so much past hope as I:

That, am not I my selfe
of all that yet were boyne,
The deepest drenched in dispayre,
and most in Fortunes scozne :

For lo, the world for me
hath nothing else to finde
Beside mishap, and wretchednes,
and anguish of the minde.

Since that the cruell cause
of my unhappines,
hath put me to this sodaine plunge,
and brought to such distress,

As (to the end I may
my name and conscience saue)
I must deuoure the mixed drinke,
that by me here I haue.

Whose working and whose force,
as yet I do not know.

And of this piteous plaint began
an other doubt to grow.

What do I know (quoth she)
if that this powder shall

Sooner or later than I should,
or else not worke at all :

And then my craft describe
as open as the day,

The peoples tale and laughing stocks
shall I remaine for aye.

And what know I (quoth she)
that pents obvious,

25 The tragicall historie

And other beastes and wormes, that are
of nature venemous,
That wouted are to lurke,
in darke caues vnder grounde,
And commonly (as I haue heard)
in dead mens tombes are found,
Shall harne me pea or nay,
where I shall lie as ded.
O how shall I that alway haue
in so fresh ayre been bred,
Endure the lothsome stinke
of such an heaped store
Of carkases not yet consumed,
and bones that long before
Intombed were, where I
my sleeping place shall haue,
Where all my auncestours do rest,
my kindreds common graue.
Shall not the Fryer, and
my Romeus, when they come,
Finde me (if I awake before)
y-stifled in the tombe?
And whilst shee in these thoughts
doth dwell somewhat too long,
The force of her imagining
anon did waxe so strong,
That shee surmised she saw
out of the hollow vaulte
A grieufully thing to looke vpon,
the carkas of Tybalt,

Right in the selfe same sort
that shee few daies before
had seen him in his bloud embrewde,
to death eke wounded sore.
And then, when shee againe
within her selfe had wayde,
That quicke she should be buried there,
and by his side be layde
all comfortlesse, (for she
shall liuing sære haue none,
But many a rotten carcas, and
full many a naked bone.)
Her daintie tender parts
gan shiuer all for dread:
Her golden hayres did stand vpright
vpon her chillish head.
When pressed with the feare
that she there liued in,
As weat as colde as mountaine yse
pearst through her tender skin:
That with the moysture bath
wet eu'ry part of hers.
And moze besides, she vainely thinks,
whilst vainely thus she feares,
A thousand bodies dead
haue compass her about:
And, lest they will dismember her,
she greatly stands in doubt.
But when she felt her strength
began to weare away,

The tragicall historie

By litle and litle in her heart
her feare encreased aye:
Dreading that weakenes might,
or foolish cowardise,
Winder the execution of
the purposde enterprise,
As she had frantike been,
in hast the glaſſe she caught,
And vpon she dranke the mixture quite,
withouten farther thought.
Then on her brest she crost
her armes long and small:
And so her senses sayling her,
into a traunce did fall.
And when that Phœbus bright
beau'd by his ſeemly head,
And from the East in open skies
his glistring rayes diſpyed,
The nurse vnshut the doze,
(for she the key did keepe)
And doubting lest she slept too long,
she thought to breake her slepe.
First, softly did she call,
then lowder thus did cry:
Lady, you slepe too long, the Carle
will raise you by and by.
But wile-away, in vaine
vnto the deafe she calles:
She thinks to speake to Iuliet,
but speaketh to the walles.

If all the dreadfull noyse
 that might on earth be found,
 Or on the roaring seas, or if
 the dreadfull thunders sound
 had blowne into her eares,
 I think they could not make
 The sleeping wight, before the time,
 by any meanes awake:
 So were the sprites of life
 shut vp, and senses thrald:
 Therewith the sely nurse
 was wondrously appalde.
 She thought to draw her now,
 as she had done of olde:
 But lo, she found her parts were stiffe,
 and moze than marble colde.
 Whether at mouth nor nose,
 found she recourse of breath:
 Two certaine arguments were these,
 of her vntimely death.
 Therefore, as one distraught,
 she to her mother ran,
 which scratched face, and hayre betorne,
 but no word speake she can.
 She last (with much ado)
 dead (quoth she) is my childe.
 Woe out alas (the mother cride)
 and as a Tyger wilde,
 whose whelps whilst she is gone
 out of the den to pray,

18 The tragicall historie

The hunter greedy of his game,
doth kill or carry away:
So, raging forth she ran,
vnto her Iuliets bed:
And there she found her dearling, and
her only comfort dead.
Then shriek'd she out as lowde,
as serue her would her breath:
And then (that pittie was to heare)
thus cryde she out on death.
Ah cruell death (quoth shee)
that thus against all right
Hast ended my felicitie,
and robd my hearts delight:
Do now thy worst to me,
once weake thy wrath for all:
Eu'n in despite I cry to thee
thy vengeance let thou fall.
Where-to stay I (alas)
since Iuliet is gone:
Where-to liue I, since she is dead,
except to wayle and mone:
Alacke deare childe, my teares
for thee shall neuer cease:
Eu'n as my dayes of life encrease,
so shall my plaint encrease:
Such store of sorrow shall
afflict my tender heart,
That deadly pangs, when they assaile,
shall not augment my smart.

Then gan she so to sobbe,
it seemde her hart would brast:
And while she cryeth thus, behold
the father at the last,
The Counte Paris, and
of gentlemen a route,
And Ladies of Verona townes,
and country round about:
Both kindreds and alies,
thether apace haue preast:
For by their presence there they sought,
to honoz so the feast.
But when the heauy newes
the hidden geastes did heare,
So much they mournd, that who hath seene
their countnance and their chere,
Might easely haue iudged,
by that that they had seene:
That day the day of wyath, and eke
of pity to haue bene.
But moze than all the rest,
the fathers heart was so
smit with the beaue newes, and so
shut vp with sodaine woer:
That he ne had the powre
his daughter to beweepe,
Ne yet to speake: but long is forc'd,
his teares and plaint to keepe.
In all the haste he hath
for skilfull læches sent,

The tragicall historie

And hearing of her passed life,
they iudge with one assent,
The cause of this her death
was inward care and thought:
And then with double force againe
the doubled sorowes wrought.
If euer there had been
a lamentable day,
A day ruthfull, vnfortunate,
and fatall: then I say,
The same was it in which,
through Veron towne was spred,
The wofull newes how Iuliet
was sterued in her bed.
For so she was bemonde,
both of the yong and olde:
That it might seme to him that would
the common plaint behold,
That all the common wealth
did stand in leopardy:
So vniuersall was the plaint,
so piteous was the cry.
For so, beside her shape,
and natie bewties hewe,
With which, like as she grew in age,
her vertues prayles grewe:
She was also so wise,
so lowlie and so milde:
That euen from the hoarie head,
vnto the witles childe:

She wan the hearts of al:
 So that there was not one,
 Ne great ne small, but did that day
 her wretched state bemone.
 Whilst Iuliet slept, and whilst
 the other wepen thus:
 Our Fryer Laurence hath by this,
 sent one to Romeus.
 A Fryer of his house,
 there neuer was a better:
 He trusted him euen as himselfe,
 to whom he gaue a letter:
 In which, he written had
 of euery thing at length,
 That pass twixt Iuliet and him,
 and of the powders strength.
 The next night after that,
 he willeth him to come
 To helpe to take his Iuliet
 out of the hollow tombe.
 For by that time, the drinke
 (he saith) will cease to woozke,
 And for one night his wife and he
 within his cell shal loozke.
 Then shall he carry her
 to Mantua away,
 (Till sickell Fortune fauour him)
 disguisde in mans array.
 This letter closde he send s
 to Romeus by his brother:

28 The tragicall historie

He chargeth him that in no case
he giue it any other,
Apace our Fryer Iohn
to Mantua him hys,
And for because in Italy
it is a wonted guise,
That Fryers in the towne
should seldome walke alone:
But of their couent ay should be
accompanide with one
Of his profession, straight
a house he findeth out:
In minde to take some Fryre with him,
to walke the towne about.
But entred once, he might
not issue out againe:
For that a brother of the house,
a day before or twayne,
Dy'd of the plague (a sicknesse which
they greatly feare and hate)
So were the brethren charg'd to keepe
within their couen gate,
Bard of their felowship,
that in the towne doe woone:
The towne-folke eke commaunded are,
the Fryers house to shooe:
Till they that had the care of health,
their freedome should renewe:
Whereof, as you shall shortly heare,
a mischiefe great there grewe.

The Fryre by this restraint,
 beset with dyed and sorow:
 Not knowing what the letters helde,
 deferd vntill the morrow.
 And then he thought in time
 to send to Romeus,
 But whilst at Mantua where he was,
 these doings framed thus:
 The towne of Iuliers byrth
 was wholly buſied
 About her obsequies, to see
 their darling buried.
 Now is the parents myrth
 quite chaunged into moche:
 And now to sorow is returned
 the ioy of euery one.
 And now the wedding wædes
 for mourning wædes they chaunge,
 And Hymene into a Dyrge,
 alas it seemeth strange.
 In steade of marriage gloues,
 now funecall gloues they haue:
 And whom they should see married,
 they follow to the graue.
 The feast that should haue beens
 of pleasure and of ioy,
 Each euery dish, and cup, filld full
 of sorow and annoy.
 Now throughout Italy
 this common vse they haue,
 That

The tragicall historie
That all the best of euery stocke
are earthed in one graue.
For euery household, if
it be of any fame,
Doth build a tombe, or digge a vault
that beares the householdes name.
Wherein (if any of
the kindred hap to die)
They are bestowde: els in the same
no other corpes may lie.
The Capilets her corpes
in such a one did lay,
Where Tybalt slaine of Romeus,
was laide the other day.
An other vse there is,
that whosoever dyes:
Borne to their Church with open face
vpon the Beere he lyes,
In wonted weede attyrd,
not wrapt in winding shéete:
So, as by chaunce he walk'd abrode,
our Romeus man did méete.
His maisters wife: the sight
with sorrow straight did wounde,
His honest heart: with teares he saw
her lodged vnder grounde.
And (for he had béene sent
to Veron for a spye,
The doinges of the Capilets
by wisdom to descrye)

And (for he knew her death
 did touch his maister most)
 (Alas) too soone, with heauie newes
 he hy'd away in post.
 And in his house he founde
 his maister Romeus,
 Where he bespyent with many teares,
 began to speake him thus:
 Syr, vnto you of late
 is chaunc'd so great a harme,
 That sure except with constancie
 you seeke your selfe to arme:
 I feare that straight you will
 bryeth out your latter breath:
 And I most wretched wight shalbe
 th'occasion of your death.
 Knowe, syr, that yester day
 my Ladie and your wife,
 I mot not by what sodaine grieve,
 hath made exchaunge of life.
 And for because on earth,
 she founde nought but unrest:
 In heauen hath she sought to finde
 a place of quiet rest.
 And with these weeping eyes
 my selfe haue scene her layde
 within the tombe of Capylets:
 and herewithall he stayde.
 This sodaine message sounde
 sent forth with sodaine teares,

Our Romeus receiue too soone
 with open listning eares:
 And thereby hath sonke in
 such sorow in his hart,
 That lo his sprite annoyed sore
 with torment and with smart,
 Was like to breake out of
 his prison house perforce:
 And that he might flie after hers,
 would leaue the massie corse.
 But earnest loue that will
 not faile him to his end,
 This fond and sodaine fantasie
 into his head did send:
 That if here vnto her
 he offered vp his breath,
 That then a hundred thousand parts
 more glorious were his death:
 Eke should his painfull heart
 a great deale more be eased,
 And more also he vainely thought
 his Lady better pleased.
 Wherefore, when he his face,
 hath washt with water cleane:
 Least that the staynes of dryed teares,
 might on his cheekes be seene:
 And so his sorow should
 of euery one be spyde,
 Which he with all his care did seeke
 from eu'ry one to hyde:

Straight weary of the house,
he walketh forth abroad :

His seruant at the maisters best
in chamber still abode.

And then fro streate to streate
he wandzeth vp and downe,

To see if he in any place
may finde in all the towne

A salug meete for his soze,
an oyle fit for his wounde.

And seeking long, (alak too soone)
the thing he sought, he founde.

An Apothecary late
unbustied at his doore,

Whom, by his heauie countenance,
he gessed to be poore.

And in his shop he saw

his boxes were but few,

And in his window of his of his wares
there was so small a shew :

Wherefore, out Romeus
assuredly hath thought,

What for no frendship could be got,
for money might be bought.

For needy lacke is like
the poore man to compell,

To sell that which the cities lawe
forbiddeh him to sell.

Then by the hand he drew
the needy man apart :

The tragicall historie
And with the sight of glittering golde
inflamed hath his heart.
Take fiftie crownes of gold,
(quoth he) I giue them thee,
So that before I part from hence
thou straight deliuer me
Some popson strong, that may
in lesse than halfe an howre
Kill him, whose wretched hap shall be
the potion to deuoure.
The wretch by couetise
is wonne, and doth assent
To sell the thing, whose sale ere long
too late he doth repent.
In haste he popson sought,
and closely he it bounde,
And then began with whispering voyce
thus in his eare to rounde:
Fayre syr (quoth he) be sure,
this is the speedying gere:
And more there is than you shall neede,
for halfe of that is there
Will serue, I vnder take,
in lesse than halfe an howre
To kill the strongest man aliue,
such is the popsons powre.
Then Romeus som-what easde
of one part of his care,
Within his bosome putteth by
his deare vnrchristie ware.

Returning home againe,
he sent his man away
To Veron town, & chargeth him,
that he without delay,
Proude both instruments
to open wide the toombe,
And lights to shew him Iuliet,
and stay (till he shall come)
Here to the place whereas
his louing wife doth rest,
And chargeth him not to bewray
the dolours of his brest.
Peter, these heard, his leaue
doth of his maister take :
Betime he comes to towne, such haste
the painefull man did make.
And then, with busie care
he seeketh to fulfill,
(But doth disclose vnto no wight)
his wofull maisters will.
Would God he had herein
broken his maisters best :
Would God that to the Fryze he had
disclosed all his brest:
But Romeo, the while,
with many a deadly thought,
Prouoked much, paper and ynke
hath caused to be brought.
And in few lines he did
of all his loue discouise,

The tragicall historie
How by the Fryers helpe, and by
the knowledge of the nurse
The wedlocke knot was knit,
and by what meane that night
And many moe he did enioy
his happie hearts delight.
Where he his popson bought,
and how his life should end:
And so his wailfull tragedie
the wretched man hath pend.
The letters close and seald,
directed to his sire,
He locketh in his purse, and then
a post horse doth he hire.
When he approached nere,
he warily lighted downe:
And euen with the shade of night
he entred Veron towne.
Where he hath found his man,
wayting when he would come:
With lanterne and with instruments,
to open Iuliet's tombe.
Helpe Peter, helpe (quoth he)
helpe to remoue the stone:
And straight when I am gone from the,
my Iuliet to bemone,
See that thou get the hence:
and on the paine of death,
I charge the that thou come not nere,
while I abide beneath.

He seeke thou for to let
thy maisters enterprise,
Which he hath fully purposed
to doe, in any wise.

Take there a letter, which
as soone as hee shall rise,
Present it in the morning to
my louing fathers eyes.

Which vnto him perhaps
farre pleasanter shall seeme,
Than eyther I do minde to say,
or thy grosse head can deeme.

Now Peter that knew not
the purpose of his hart,
Obediently a litle way
withdrew himselfe apart.

And then our Romeus
(the vault-stone set vpright)
Descended downe, and in his hand
he bare the candle light.

And then, with piteous eye,
the body of his wife

He gan behold, who surely was
the organ of his life.

For whome unhappie now
he is, but erst was bliss:

He watred her with teares, and then
an hundred times her kist.

And in his folded armes,
shall straightly be her plight:

The tragicall historie

But no way could his greedy eyes
be filled with her sight.
His fearefull hands he layd
vpon her stomacke colde:
And then on diuers parts beside
the wofull wight did holde.
But when he could not finde
the signes of life he sought,
Out of his cursed boxe he drew
the poyson that he bought.
Whereof, he greedily
deuourde the greater part,
And then he cride with tender sigh
fetcht from his mourning hart:
Oh Iuliet, of whome
the worlde vnworthie was,
From which, for worlde vnworthines,
thy worthy ghost did passe:
What death more pleasant could
my heart wish to abide,
Than that which here it suffreth now,
so nere thy frendly side.
Or els so glorious tombe
how could my youth haue craued,
As in one selfe same haulte with thee,
haply to be ingraued:
What Epitaph more worth,
or halfe so excellent,
To consecrate my memory
could any man inuent,

As this our mutuall, and
our piteous sacrifice,
Of life set light for loue. But while
he talketh in this wise,
And thought as yet a while
his dolours to enforce:
His tender heart began to faine,
prest with the venoms force:
Which litle and litle gan
to ouercome his hart:
And whilst his busie eyne he threwe
about to eu'ry part:
He saw hard by the coze
of sleeping Iuliet,
Bold Tybalts carcas dead, which was
not all consumed yet:
To whom (as hauing life)
in this sort speaketh he:
Oh cosin deare, Tybalt, whereso
thy restless spide now be,
With stretched hands to thee
for mercie now I cry,
For that before thy kindly howze
I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched life,
not quenched be thine pye,
But with reuenging lust as yet
thy heart be set on fyre:
What more amends, or cru-
ell weake desirest thou?

The tragicall historie

To see on mee, than this which here
is shewde forth to thee now :

Who rest by force of armes
from thee thy living breath,
The same, with his owne hand thou sett,
poysoneth him selfe to death.

And, for he caused thee
in tombe too soone to lie,

Too soone also yonger than thou
him-selfe he layeth by.

These sayde, when he gan feelee
the poysons force preuayle,

And litle and litle mastred life
for aye began to faile,

Knæling upon his knæes,
he sayde with voyce full loe,

Lord Christ, that so to ransome me
descendedst long agoe,

Out of thy fathers bosome,
and in the Virgins wombe

Didst put on flesh, Oh let my plaint
out of this hollow tombe

Perce through the ayre, and graunt
my sute may fauour finde :

Take pitie on my sinfull and
my poore afflicted minde.

For well enough I know
this body is but clay,

Nought but a masse of sinne, too fragile,
and subiect to decay.

Then prest' d with extreme grieve,
he threw with so great force
His ouerpresse'd parts vpon
his Ladies wayled corse,
That now his weakned heart,
weakned with torments past,
Unable to abide this pang,
the sharpest and the last,
Remained quite depriue
of sence and kindly strength:
And so the long imprison'd soule,
hath freedome wonne at length.
Ah cruel death, too soone,
too soone was this deuorce,
Twixt pouthfull Romeus beauenly sprite,
and his faire earthly corse.
The Fryer knew what time
the powder had bene taken,
Knew eke the very instant, when
the sleeper should awaken.
But wondring that he could
no kinde of answer heare
Of letters, which to Romeus
his fellow Fryre did beare;
Out of S. Frauncis Church
himselfe alone did fare:
And for the opening of the tombe,
meete instrumentes he bare.
Approching nigh the place,
and seeing there the light;

The tragicall historie

Great horroz felt he in his heart,
by straunge and sodaine sight.
Till Peter (Romeus man)
his coward heart made bolde,
When of his masters being there,
the certaine newes he tolde.
There hath he béene (quoth he)
this halfe howze at the least:
And in this time I dare well say
his plaint hath still increast.
Then both they entred in,
where they (alas) did finde
The bzyethles corps of Romeus,
forsaken of the minde.
Where they haue made such mone,
as they may best conceiue,
That haue with perfect frendship lou'd,
whose friend fierce death did reue.
But whilst with piteous plaint
they Romeus fate beweepe:
An howze too late faire Iuliet
awaked out of sleepe.
And much amazde to see
in tombe so great a light:
She wist not if she sawe a dreame,
oz sprite that walk'd by night.
But coming to her seife,
she knew them, and said thus:
What Fryer Laurence, is it you?
where is my Romeus?

And then the auncient Fryre,
that greatly stood in feare,
Least if they lingred ouerlong,
they should be taken theare:
In few plaine wordes, the whole
that was betyde he tolde:
And with his finger shewde his corpa
out-stretched, stiffe, and colde.
And then perswaded her
with patience to abide
This sodaine great mischaunce, and sayth
that he will soone prouide
In some religious house
for her a quiet place:
Where she may spend the rest of life,
and where in time (percase)
she may with wisedomes meane,
measure her mourning brest:
And vnto her tormented soule,
call backe exiled rest.
But loe, as soone as she
had cast her ruthfull eye
On Romeus face, that pale and wan,
fast by her side did lye:
Straight way she did vnstop
the conduites of her teares,
And out they gush, with cruell hand
she tare her golden heares.
But when she neither could
her swelling sorrow swage:

The tragicall historie

He yet her tender heart abide
her sickenes furious rage:
Falne on his corps, she lay
long panting on his face:
And then with all her force and strength,
the dead corps did embrace:
As though with sighes, with sobes,
with force and busie paine,
She would him rayse, and him restore
from death to life againe.
A thousand times she kist
his mouth as colde as stone:
And it vnkist againe as oft,
then gan she thus to mone.
Ah pleasant prop of all
my thoughts, ah ouely ground
Of all the swæte delights, that yet
in all my life I founde:
Did such assured trust
within thy heart repose,
That in this place, and at this time,
this Church-parde thou hast chose?
Betwixt the armes of me,
thy perfect louing make?
And thus by meanes of me to ende
thy life, and for my sake?
Euen in the flowring of
thy youth, when vnto thee,
Thy life most deere (as to the most)
and pleasaunt ought to be:

How could these tender corpes
withstand the cruell sight
Of furious death, that wons to fray
the stoutest with his sight?
How could thy dainty youth
agree with willing hart,
In this so foule infected place
(to dwell) where now thou art.
Where spitefull Fortune hath
appointed thee to be
The daintie foode of greedie woozmes,
vnworthe sure of thee.
Alas, alas, alas,
what needed now anew,
My wonted sorowes doubled twise
again thus to renew:
Which both the time and eke
my patient long abode
Should now at length haue quenched quite
and vnder foote haue trode.
O wretch, and captiue that
I am, euen when I thought
To finde my painefull passions salue,
I mist the thing I sought.
And to my mortall harme,
the satall knife I grounde,
That gaue to me so deepe, so wide,
so cruell deadly wounde.
O most vnfortunate,
and most vnhappy tombe,

The tragicall historie

For thou shalt heere from age to age,
witnes in time to come:

Of the most perfect league
betwixt a payre of louers,
That were the most vnfortunate,
and fortunate of others.

Receiue the latter sigh,
receiue the latter pang

Of the most cruell of cruell slaues,
that wrath and death ay wrang.

And when our Iuliet would
continue still her mone:

The Fryer and the seruant fled,
and left her there alone.

For they a sodayne noyse
fast by the place did heare:

And least they might be taken there,
greatly they stood in feare.

When Iuliet sawe her selfe
left in the vault alone:

That freely she might worke her will,
(for let or stay was none.)

Then once for all she tooke
the cause of all her harmes,

The body dead of Romeus,
and clasp'd it in her armes:

Then she with earnest kisse,
sufficiently did proue,

That more than by the feare of death,
she was attaint by loue.

And then past deadly feare,
for life ne had she care:

With hasty hand she did drawe out,
the dagger that he ware.

O welcome death (quoth she)
ende of unhappines:

That also art beginning of
assured happines:

Feare not to darte me now,
thy stripe no longer stay:

Wholong no longer now my life,
I hate this long delay.

For straight my parting spzite,
out of this carkas fled,

At ease shall finde my Romeus spzite,
among so many ded.

And thou my louing Lord,
Romeus my trusty sære:

If knowledge yet doe rest in thee,
if thou these wordes dost heare:

Receiue thou her whom thou
dost loue so lawfully,

That causde (alas) thy violent death
although unwillingly:

And therefore willingly
offers to thee her ghost,

To th'end that no wight els but thou,
might haue iust cause to booke

Th'inspiring of my loue,

which ay I haue reseru'd

The tragicall historie

Free from the rest, bound unto thee,
that hast it well deseru'd.

That so our parted sprites
from light that we see here,
In place of endles light and blisse,
may euer liue p-fere.

These saide, her ruthles hande
throughe gytt her valiant hart:
Ah Ladies helpe with teares to wayle,
the Ladies deadly smart.

She grones, she stretcheth out
her limmes, she shutts her eyes:
And from her corps the sprite doth flie,
what should I say: she dyes.

The watchmen of the towne
the whilst are passed by,
And throughe the grates the candle light
within the tombe they spy.

Whereby they did suppose
inchaunters to be come,
That with prepared instruments
had opened wide the tombe:

In purpose to abuse
the bodies of the dead,
Which by their science ayde abuse
do stand them oft in stead.

Their curious hearts desire
the truth hereof to know:

Then they by certayne steppes descende
where they doe finde below

In clasped armes & in arms
 the husband and the wife;
 In whome as yet they seem to lie
 some certain markes of life
 But when more curiously
 with leasure they did view
 The certaintie of both their deahtes
 assuredly they knew
 Then here and there so long
 with carefull eyes they sought
 That at the length hidden they found
 the murderers, so they thought
 In dungeon deepe that might
 they lodgde them under ground;
 The next day do they tell the Prince
 the mischiefe that they founde.
 The newes was by and by
 throughout the towne dispred,
 Both of the taking of the Freye
 and of the two found dead.
 Whether might you have seen
 whole households flocke to come
 into the tombe, where they did lie
 this wonder strange was done.
 The great the small the riche,
 the poore the young the olde,
 With hastie pace do run to see,
 but rue when they beholde.
 That the murderers
 so all men might be knowne.

Like as the murderers by this abhorre
 through all the towne was blouded,
 The Prince also delight in daye,
 the corpes that were found
 Should be set forth vpon a stage,
 by raised from the ground,
 Right in the selfe same forme,
 (He wold for to all mens sight)
 That in the hollow vault they had
 bene founde the other night,
 And eke that Romanus man,
 and Fryer Lawrence shoulde
 be openly examined
 for eke the people woulde
 haue inuirted; so sayde
 there were some welcheier carders
 Why openly they were vncleue,
 and so conuict by lawes.
 The holy Fryer now, so much
 and reuerend by his age,
 In great reproche set to the thews
 vpon an open stage,
 (A thing that ill becombe
 a man of sicker heares)
 His beard as white as milke he had,
 with great fast falling teares.
 Whom straight the dyestull Iudge
 commaunde to declare
 Both how this murder hath bene done,
 and who the murderers are.

For that he nese the tombe
 was found at howres vnste,
 And had with him those yron coles,
 for such a purpose fit.
 The Fryer was of limes and
 ly spzyce, and fete of spytche,
 The Iudges woz as appaloe him not,
 ne were his wictes to take.
 But with aduises hee,
 a while fyrst did hee say,
 And then with bolde assured voyce,
 alowde thus gan hee saye,
 My Lords, there is no one
 among you set together,
 who chan (affection set aside),
 by wisdom he consider
 my former pallen life,
 and this my extreme age,
 And eke this heauie sight, the wecke
 of frantike Fortunes rage,
 But that amaze me much,
 both wonder at this chaunge,
 the great so sodainly befallne,
 and eke say, and straunge.
 For I, that in the space
 of fy. yeares and ten,
 since first I did begin, too soone,
 to leade my life with men,
 with the worldes vaine thinge
 my selfe I did acquaint,

Was neuer yet in open place, nor in secret
 at any time attaint; nor in secret
 With any crime, in waight, nor in secret
 as heauie as a rush, nor in secret
 He is there any stander by; nor in secret
 can make me guiltlesse blusht, nor in secret
 (Althoughe before the face, nor in secret
 of God, I doe confesse, nor in secret
 My selfe to be the sinfull witch, nor in secret
 of all this might, yf I please, nor in secret
 When repiest I am, nor in secret
 and likeliest to make, nor in secret
 My great account, which no man else, nor in secret
 for me shall undertake, nor in secret
 When wormes, the earth, and death, nor in secret
 do cite me eu'rywhere, nor in secret
 To appeare before the iudgement seat, nor in secret
 of eu'rlasting paine, nor in secret
 And falling ripe I lye, nor in secret
 vpon my graues binke: nor in secret
 Eu'n then am I most wretched wight, nor in secret
 (as eache of you doth thinke), nor in secret
 Through my most haynous deede, nor in secret
 with headlong sway throwne downe, nor in secret
 In greatest daunger of my life, nor in secret
 and damage of renowne, nor in secret
 The spring, whence in your head, nor in secret
 this new conceite doth rise, nor in secret
 And in your heart increaseth still, nor in secret
 your vaine and wrong surmise, nor in secret

May be the hugenes of
 these teares of mine (perrase)
 That so abundantly do flowe fully
 by eyther side my face,
 As though the memorie
 in scriptures were not kept,
 That Christ our saviour himselfe
 for ruth and pittie wept.
 And more, who so will reade,
 y-written shal he finde,
 That teares are as true messengers
 of mans vngiltie minde.
 O yes, a liker proofe
 that I am in the crime,
 You say these present yrons are,
 and the suspected time.
 As though all howres alike
 had not ben made abode
 Did not Christ say the day hath twelue
 whereby he sought to proue,
 That no respect of howres
 ought iustly to be had
 For at all times men haue the choyce
 of doing good or bad.
 Can as the spire of God
 the hearts of men both guide,
 Or as it leauech them to stray
 from vertues path aside.
 For the yrons that
 were taken in my hand,

As now I darre, I neede not feare
 to make ye vnderstand in what plight
 To what use yron first was made, when it began,
 was made, when it began,
 Powe of it selfe it hurteth not,
 ne yet can helpe a man,
 The thing that hurteth is
 the malice of his will,
 That such indifferent things is wont
 to vse and order ill.
 Thus much I thought to say,
 to cause you so to know,
 That neyther these my piteous teares,
 (though nere so fast they flow,
 Ne yet these yron toles,
 nor the suspected time,
 Can iustly proue the murder done,
 or damne me of the crime.
 No one of these haue powre,
 ne powre haue all the thre,
 To make me other than I am,
 how so I seeme to be.
 But sure my conscience
 (if so my gyle deserue)
 For an appeacher, witness, and
 a hangman eke should serue,
 For though mine age, whose happy
 of long time since were hope,
 And credit great that I was in,
 with you in time tofore,

And eke the solowne shote
 that I on earth must make,
 That eu'ry day and howe do looke
 my lozney hence to take:
 My conscience inwardly,
 should moze torment me thise,
 Than all the outward deadly paine,
 that all you could deuise:
 But (God I praye) I feele
 no worme that gnaweth me:
 And from remorses pricking sting,
 I ioy that I am free.
 I meane, as touching this
 wherewith you troubled are,
 Therewith you should be troubled still,
 If I my speeche should spare.
 But to the end I may
 set all your hearts at rest,
 And plucke out all the scruples that
 are rooted in your brest:
 Which might perhaps herefoze
 increasing moze and moze,
 within your conscience also
 increase your curles soze:
 I sweare by ponder beaues,
 whether I hope to climbe,
 And for a witnes of my words
 my heart attesteth him,
 whose mighty hand doth welde
 them in theyr violent sway.

And on the rolling storme seas
 the heauie eatch both stay
 That I will make a short
 and eke a true discourse
 Of this most wofull tragedie,
 and shew both end and source
 Of theyr unhappie death:
 which you perhaps no lesse
 Will wonder at, than they (alas)
 poore louers in distresse,
 Tormented much in minde,
 not forcing liuely breath,
 With strong and patient heart did yelde
 themselves to cruell death.
 Such was the mutuall loue,
 wherein they burned both:
 And of theyr promist friendships faith,
 so steady was the troth.
 And there the auncient ftype
 began to make discourse,
 Cu'n from the first of Romeus
 and Iuliers amours.
 How first by sodaine sight
 the one the other choole:
 And twixt themselves did knit the knot
 which only death might loose.
 And how within a while,
 with hotter loue oppress,
 Under confessions cloake to him
 themselves they haue adpress.

And how with solemne othes
they haue protested both,
That they in heart are marred
by promise and by oth.
And that except he graunt
the rytes of Church to giue,
They shal be for'd by earnest loue
in sinfull state to liue.
Which thing when he had wayde,
and when he vnderstoode,
That the agreement twixt them twayne
was lawfull, honest, good:
And all thinges peyled well,
it seemed meete to be:
For like they were of noblenesse,
age, riches, and degree.
Hoping that so at length,
ended might be the strife
Of Montagewes and Capilers,
that led in hate their life.
Thinking to worke a worke
well pleasing in Gods sight,
In secrete shryfte he wedded them:
and they the selfe-same night
Hade by the maryage,
in house of Capiler:
As wel doth know (if she be ask'd)
the nurse of Iuliet,
He tolde how Romens fled,
for reuing Tybales life.

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And how the whilst Paris the Earle
 was offered to his wife.
 And how the Lady did
 so great a wrong disoayne:
 And how to shift vnto his Church
 she came to him againe:
 And how she fell flat downe
 before his fete aground:
 And how she sware, her hand,
 and bloody knife should wound
 her harmeles heart, except,
 that he some meane did finde
 To disapoynt the Earles attempt,
 and spores saue her minde.
 Wherefore he doth conclude,
 (although that long before)
 By thought of death, and age, he had
 refuse for evermore,
 The hidden artes which he
 delighted in, in youth,
 Yet wonne by her importunenes,
 and by his inward ruth:
 And fearing least she would
 her cruell bowe discharge:
 His closed conscience he had
 op'ned and set at large.
 And rather did he choose
 to suffer for one time,
 His soule to be spotted some deale
 with small and easie crime:

Than that the Lady should,
 (weary of liuing breath)
 Further her selfe, and daunger much
 her seely soule by death,
 Wherefore, his auncient artes
 againe he puts in vze:
 A certaine powder gaue he her
 that made her slepe so sure,
 That they her holde for dead:
 and how that Fryer Iohn
 With letters sent to Romeus,
 to Mantua is gone:
 Of whom he knoweth not
 as yet, what is become:
 And how that dead he founde his friend
 within her kindreds tombe.
 He thinkes with poyson strong,
 for care the yong man starued,
 Supposing Iuliet dead: and how,
 that Iuliet hath carued,
 With Romeus dagger drawne,
 her heart: and pæloed breath:
 Desirous to accompany
 her lower after death.
 And how they could not saue
 her, so they were afearde:
 And bid them-selfe, dreadding the noyse
 of watchmen that they heard,
 And for the prooffe of this
 his tale, he doth desire.

The tragicall historie

The Judge, to send forth-with
to Mantua for the Fryer:
To learne his cause of stay,
and eke to reade his letter:
And moze beside, to th'end that they
might iudge his cause the better,
He prayeth them depose
the nurse of Iuliet,
And Romeus man, whom at vntwares
beside the tombe he met.
Then Peter, not so much
as erst he was, dismaide:
My Lordes (quoth he) too true is all
that Fryer Laurence saide.
And when my maister went
into my maistrisse graue,
This letter that I offer you,
vnto me then he gaue.
Which he himselfe did write,
(as I doe vnderstand)
And charged me to offer them
vnto his fathers hand.
The opened packet doth
containe in it the same,
That erst the skillfull Fryer saide,
and eke the wretches name
That had at his request,
the deadly popson solde,
The price of it, & why he bough,
his letters plaine haue tolde.

The case unfolded so,
 and open now it lyes,
 That they could with no better prooffe,
 saue seeing it with their eyes.
 So orderly all things
 were tolde and tryed out,
 That in the pzeale there was not one,
 that stood at all in doubt.
 The wiser sort to coun-
 sell calde by Escalus,
 haue giuen aduise, and Escalus
 sagely decreeth thus:
 The nurse of Iuliet,
 is banisht in her age:
 Because that from the parentes she
 did hide the maryage.
 Which might haue wrought much good,
 had it in time bene knowne:
 Where now by her concealing it,
 a mischief great is growne.
 And Peter, for he did
 obey his maisters best,
 In wonted freedome had good leaue
 to leade his life in rest.
 The apothecary high
 is hanged by the throte:
 And for the paynes he toke with him,
 the hangman had his coate.
 But now what shall betide
 of this gray-bearded syce

The tragicall historie

Of Fryer Laurence thus at a pnde,
 that good barefooted Fryer,
 Because that many times
 he worthely did serue
 The common wealth, and in his life
 was neuer found to swertie,
 He was discharged quite,
 and no mark of defame
 Did seeme to blot or touch at all
 the honour of his name.
 But of himselfe he went,
 into an Hermitage,
 Two miles from Veron towne, where he
 in prayers past forth his age:
 Till that from earth to heauen,
 his heauenly sprite did flie:
 Fiftie yeares he liu'd an Hermit, and
 an Hermit did he die.
 The straungenes of the chaunce,
 when tryed was the truth
 The Montagewes and Capylets
 hath moued so to ruth:
 That with their emptye teares,
 their choller and their rage
 Was emptye quite: and they whose wits
 no wisdom could asswage,
 Nor threathing of the Prince,
 ne minde of murders done:
 At length (so mighty Ioue it would)
 by pitie they are wonne.

And least that length of time
might from our minde's remoue
The memory of so perfect sound,
and so approued loue:

The bodies dead remou'd
from vaulte where they did lye,
In statelie tombes, on pillers great
of marble rayse they lye.

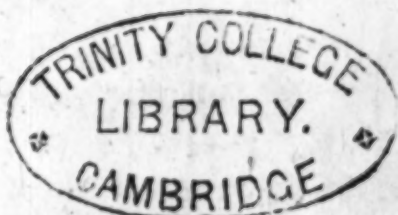
On euery side aboue,
were set and eke beneath,
Great store of cunning Epitaphes,
in honour of their death.

And euen at this day
the tombe is to be seene.

So that among the monuments
that in Verona beane:

There is no monument
more worthy of the sight:
Than is the tombe of Iuliet,
and Romeus her Knight.

FINIS,



and Romans for himself.
Then is the time of labor,
more worthy of the light;
there is no monument
that in Verona bones;
So that among the monuments
the tomb is to be seen.
The end of this day
in honor of their death.
The face of running spruces,
over it and the forest,
On every side about,
Of marble table the eye.
The happy number of pillars great
from battle to the day the eye,
The doctor dead remain'd
and is a proportion;
The memory of so perfect sound,
might from our hands remain;
And least that length of time

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